

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 16, 1959

*America's National Sports Weekly*

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

**SEBRING PREVIEW**

A color photograph of Phil Hill, a man with short dark hair, smiling and sitting on the hood of a bright red sports car. He is wearing a dark brown zip-up jacket over a white and dark striped V-neck shirt, and light-colored trousers. The car has large round headlights and a black grille. The background is a dark, textured grey.

**PHIL HILL**  
Sports Car Driver of the Year

STANLEY BLACKER tells: blazer shown below of 40% "Orlon" with 60% wool. About \$45 at all fine stores (slightly higher west of the Rockies). Available in navy, black, gray, brown, burgundy and olive. All with black piping.



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...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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INC. and was the fabric of the sport coat shown here.

**B.F. Goodrich**

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**CONTEST HINT:** This has been called "The 100,000-mile" tire. This size of these Traction Express tires (size 10-00-20), a large freight operator, drove these all-nylon tires ten hours a day for five days a week in all kinds of weather, on all types of roads.



**CONTEST HINT:** This is the original equipment tire on many new trucks. These Power Express Tubeless tires (size R-19 S) travel almost 100 miles per day making stop-and-go deliveries. This tire wear continues six days a week, summer and winter.

**Make your estimate and win a THUNDERBIRD or CORVETTE or one of 310 other prizes**

**G**uess the combined mileage on the two B.F. Goodrich truck tires pictured here and you can win one of 311 prizes.

Simply add your estimate of the mileage on the Traction Express tire above to the estimated mileage on the Power Express Tubeless tire below for your entry. The closest estimate to the nearest tenth of a mile wins.

These user reports will help you make your estimate.

**Consolidated Petroleum Corp., Oshkosh, Wisconsin...** "All-Nylon Traction Express tires rolled 165,000 miles without ever being off the wheels."

**Brown's Bakery, Defiance, Ohio...** "We obtain over 35,000 miles on the original tread of our Power Express Tubeless tires, in addition to reducing road delays caused by punctures by 20 per cent."

Your B.F. Goodrich Smilage dealer is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. B.F. Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

**Here's all you do!** Anyone who owns a truck or is employed in a transportation activity in a company operating trucks is eligible.

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**YOU CAN WIN...** 1st Prize—YOUR CHOICE OF A 1959 THUNDERBIRD OR CORVETTE • 2nd Through 11th Prizes—MOTOROLA PORTABLE TELEVISION SETS • 12th Through 61st Prizes—MOTOROLA TRANSISTOR RADIOS • 62nd Through 161st Prizes—WATCH CUFF LINK SETS • 162nd Through 311th Prizes—CIGARETTE LIGHTERS

Specify B.F. Goodrich tires when ordering new equipment



**Smilage!**

## B.F. Goodrich truck tires

© The B.F. Goodrich Company



Above, relaxing with the 'Soft Smoke' is former U.S. diplomat, John S. Young.

## For people under pressure, great reward: the new 'Soft Smoke'

The man under pressure owes himself the utter luxury of the new 'soft smoke' KING SANO. For the over-busy man, this small extravagance (about 5¢ more per pack) proves worthwhile. For good reason.

Smokers report, "Even after smoking more than usual, it still tastes soft, pleasing"—the natural result of

the absolute scientific least in nicotine and tars.

What is the secret? KING SANO's expensive new 'soft smoke' process softens the smoke by removing nicotine and tars from the tobacco leaf itself, before the filter is added. This gives the filter a head start. No other cigarette has this extra. Here is how it works:—



### New 'Soft Smoke' process

1. The expensive "extra step" first softens the smoke by removing nicotine and tars from the tobacco before the filter is added. No other cigarette does it.



2. Softens the smoke again with new superior filter—multiplies the soft smoke effect—further reducing undesirable elements to unlock full soft flavor.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY ALSO PRODUCES SANO CIGARS AND SANO PIPE MIXTURE

Cover: Phil Hill ▶

Smiling his anticipation of the new road racing season, the foremost U.S. driver poses with his Sebring-winning Ferrari. For a preview of Sebring 1956, turn to page 38.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman



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## Next week

### SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



▶ Novelist Joe David Brown describes the life, loves and good times of the most fabulous sportsman of the modern era—Prince Aly Khan. First of two parts.

▶ Jet-age view of the great skating rink and heavenly mountains of Russia's Alma Ata, deep in the snows of Kazakhstan. A revealing tour with Horace Sutton.

▶ A portrait in words and pictures of Richie Ashburn, who wears his uniform knicker high like yesterday's ball-players, and who goes for singles instead of home runs.

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 the non-aggressive white Vermont



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## MEMO from the publisher

IN *The Fabulous World of Foxhall Keene*, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** (Feb. 18 and 23) told of a great sportsman uniquely the product of a gilded age. In 1941 Keene died, rich in memories, poor in pocket and comparatively alone, having become in his lifetime an anachronistic legend. He has been called "the last sportsman." Of his kind he may well have been.

The nonprofessional whose career is sport and nothing else is no longer dominant in our scene. On the other hand, sport is still a dominant factor in the career of many a nonprofessional. One such man, who in sporting aspects has much in common with Keene, is a khan. But, in other aspects, the career of His Highness The Prince Aly Khan resembles nothing so much as itself.

Next week a two-part article begins to describe this man whose career in any age, gilded or otherwise, would be hard to duplicate. Born to rare wealth and position, Aly Khan has won fame with beautiful women and handsome horses, has courted danger and speed and now serves as ambassador to the United Nations from Pakistan.

The filtered spotlight which café society plays upon its actors has colored and to some degree concealed the proper picture of him. His accomplishments as soldier and foreign agent, aviator, hunter and skier are little known. And even his eminence as owner, breeder and trader of horses is perhaps underplayed. For probably he knows as much about horses as any man alive.

Few men have more energy. Always

on the go, Aly Khan sleeps little and moves between continents as others walk to the corner mailbox. This represented a problem for Writer Joe David Brown when he took on the



JOE DAVID BROWN

assignment of getting Aly down on paper. As a *TIME* correspondent, Brown first crossed paths with him in Karachi at one of those ceremonies in which the late Aga was being weighed against platinum—and not found wanting. Later Brown encountered Aly in such likely spots as Paris' Tour d'Argent and New York's "21." But when he sought him out for this article, Brown found Aly hard to catch. Not elusive—just active. Brown finally caught up in Pakistan House, where the world's most eligible sportsman played the cooperative host as charmingly as his reputation says he does.

Now a free-lance writer, Joe David Brown has written three novels. His most recent, *Kings Go Forth*, became a movie. His next, *Glimpse of a Stranger*, is scheduled for fall publication.

"Its background," Brown says, "is in India—like Aly's."

*Harry Phillips*

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**HUBERT H. HUMPHREY**  
*U.S. Senator from Minnesota*

We don't have that problem in Minnesota, because there are no race tracks and no betting in our state. However, I have always felt that in areas where it is well nigh impossible to stop betting, the betting should be legalized and the revenue realized from the tax on it should be used for humanitarian purposes.



**FRANK COSTELLO**  
*Entrepreneur*

No. Legalized off-track betting is harmful to any community, and it is particularly bad for poorer people who can't afford to bet. Eventually groups of citizens might ask for laws to close all parks and it would end all racing. Racing is a good sport. I wouldn't want to see it destroyed because of a law.



**ROBERT F. WAGNER**  
*Mayor of New York City*

I'm in favor of legalized off-track betting provided a foolproof system is established that will keep out any undesirable elements. Our New York plan does. Legalizing off-track betting will provide the City of New York with additional revenue urgently needed without further burdening the taxpayer.



**EDWARD G. BURKE**  
*Horseman and ad producer Miami Beach*

No. Legalizing off-track betting will ultimately destroy racing. There was a time when betting even at race tracks was stopped by legislation. Fortunately it is legal to bet at most tracks now. It is a great sport, and I would like to see it remain as it is. Legalizing off-track betting is bound to antagonize a lot of people.

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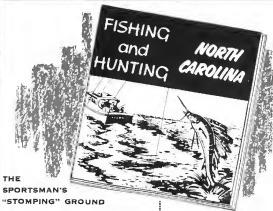


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*Lionel Hebert*

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Knees flexed

Wrist break of wristline

Hip and shoulders caving

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Wrist begin to uncock

Body set for hit, weight on left foot

Impact Note similarity to address stance

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**29. GIGI** Sings from the film score by Lesley and Lesley, written by B.G. Sings and her all-stars, songs 12 others.



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**31. STRAVINSKY WALTZ** Stravinsky's ballet music, played by the Boston Pops.



**32. GEORGE PETER TAKES YOU TO SOUTH PACIFIC** George Peter's South Pacific songs, songs of the South Pacific.



**33. HI-FI IN FOCUS** Latest record, special edition, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**34. BOSTON POPS PICNIC** Boston Pops, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**35. NASSER ABDEL-SINGH SINGS SPIRIT** Nasser Abdel-Singh, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**36. FREDDY MARTIN** His most requested dancing in the 20th Century, Time on My Mind, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**37. LENA HORNE AT THE WALDOF ASTORIA** The great singing of her vocal talent, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**38. THE NUTCRACKER** The great singing of her vocal talent, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**39. BRANSFORD IN BLUE** Bransford in Blue, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**40. CARLOS MONTOYA AND HIS FLAMENCO GUITAR** Carlos Montoya, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**41. HADDA WINTERGARDEN** Hadda Wintergarden, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**42. DILO PEREZ PRADO** Dilo Perez Prado, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**43. THE NEW GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA** The New Glenn Miller Orchestra, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**44. THE TOUCH OF EDDIE HEYWOOD** Eddie Heywood, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**45. THE BEST OF THE BEST** The Best of the Best, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**46. MOON GLOW** Moon Glow, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**47. 16!** 16!, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**48. FIRE** Fire, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**49. BILLIE HOLIDAY** Billie Holiday, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**50. THE GOLDEN AGE OF BENNY GOODMAN** Benny Goodman, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**51. BELAFONTE SINGS OF THE CARIBBEAN** Belafonte, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**52. EDDIE FISHER** Eddie Fisher, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



**53. SWEET SEVEN** Sweet Seven, 100% RCA Victor, 100%.



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## COMING EVENTS

March 13 to March 19

All times are E & T

★ Color television ★ Television ★ Network radio

### Friday, March 13

- BASEBALL**  
Great Florida Sports Car Nat'l Rally, Winter Haven, Fla. through March 15
- BASKETBALL** (telego)  
NCAA College Division Champs., Seattle, Everett, Ind.  
NCAA I women's Division Champs., Reynolds Field, Charlotte, N.C.  
Midwest. Lawrence, Kans. For West-Sun from noon into March 14
- BOXING**  
Ivanov vs. Schaefer, middle, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- GOLF**  
Pinecroft Open, \$15,000, Pinecroft, Fla. through March 15
- HOCKEY** (telego)  
World's Champions, Prague, Czechoslovakia through March 15
- SKIING**  
Skiarama Alpine Champs. and Olympic tryouts, Steam, N.J. through March 15
- TABLE TENNIS**  
I & Nat'l Open Champs., Inglewood, Calif. through March 15
- TRACK & FIELD**  
Southwestern Games, Fort Worth, Texas also March 14
- WRESTLING**  
Kurtis International Am. Champs., Princeton, N.J. also March 14

### Saturday, March 14

- BASKETBALL**  
★ Nat'l Int. Tourney, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 4 p.m. (NBC)
- BOATING**  
St. Petersburg, Fla.-Havana, Cuba, Southern Ocean Race
- GOLF**  
All-Star Golf, Seawood vs. Little, Miami, 5 p.m. in each home zone (ABC)
- HOCKEY**  
Chicago at Montreal
- BASEBALL**  
Detroit at Boston, 7 p.m. (CBS)  
New York at Toronto
- HORSE RACING**  
Bosch Handicap, \$25,000, Haver, Md.
- POLO**  
Natl. Intercollegiate Tourney, New York
- ROFOD**  
I-1 World's Champ., \$11,575, Seale, Baton Rouge, La.
- SKIING**  
Natl. 30-km. Cross-Country, Andover, Me.

### Sunday, March 15

- BASKETBALL** (telego)  
★ NBA Eastern Division playoffs (NBC)\*
- HOCKEY**  
Detroit at Chicago  
Montreal at Boston  
Toronto at New York
- ROFOD**  
★ Holter Derby, New York, 3:30 p.m. (ABC)

### Monday, March 16

- BASKETBALL**  
Natl. AAU Champs., Denver (through March 21)
- HANDBALL**  
VMI A & AAU Combined Four-Wall Champs., Cleveland (through March 21)

### Tuesday, March 17

- HOCKEY**  
Chicago at Detroit

### Wednesday, March 18

- BADMINTON**  
All-England Champs., Wembley, England (through March 21)
- BOXING**  
★ Hans vs. Moore, bantam, title bout, 14 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HOCKEY**  
Boston at New York

### Thursday, March 19

- GOLF**  
St. Petersburg Open, \$15,000, St. Petersburg, Fla. (through March 21)
- Nat'l. Women's Open, \$6,000, Columbia, Ga. through March 21.**

\*See local listing



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# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE TOURNAMENTS

Although the books were closed for most of the nation's teams, the ball was still bouncing merrily in all directions for some as they set out for bigger game in the NCAA and NIT tournaments.

The NCAA picked up its normal complement of conference champions, some making it the hard way, and moved toward this weekend's regional finals at Charlotte, N.C., Evanston, Ill., Lawrence, Kans. and San Francisco (see page 49). Meanwhile, the NIT prepared to open in New York's Madison Square Garden Thursday with a field comprised of Fordham (12-7), Butler (18-8), St. John's (16-6), Villanova (18-5), Manhattan (15-5),

operating out of a tight 3-2 zone and with agile 6-foot 7-inch Rudy LaRusso controlling the boards, stormed ahead early in the game, then found themselves scrambling for their very lives as Carl Beis and his Tiger teammates fought back. With three seconds to go, Dartmouth set up an out-of-bounds play and got the ball to LaRusso, who drove in for the layup which gave Coach Doggie Julian's boys a 69-68 victory, the Ivy League title and an NCAA berth.

Slumping Connecticut picked itself up in time to beat Rhode Island 87-63 for its 11th Yankee crown in 12 years. St. John's recovered its early-season poise and slickness and overhauled NYU 57-45 on Sophomore Tony Jackson's jump shot; Boston U. trounced NIT-bound Providence 64-48 to earn an NCAA bid; scrappy Manhattan cut Fordham down to size 73-64; St. Francis (Pa.), uninvited and squawking, took out its disappointments on Duquesne 75-68 for a 20-5 record.

## THE MIDWEST

Cincinnati suddenly found its path to the Missouri Valley title filled with speculation. The Bearcats visited Peoria, where genetically no one beats Bradley, and lost 84-66. The Braves, trailing 37-29 at half time, switched from zone to man-to-man, blanketed every Bearcat but Oscar Robertson (who scored 25) and got some hot shooting from Mike Owens and Dan Smith to thrash bewildered Cincinnati.

Bowling Green backed into a tie for Mid-American honors when Miami went sour and lost to Marshall 90-75, then ran fast and often to scalp the weary Redskins 76-63 for an NCAA invitation.

Michigan State's corner on class was painfully obvious to the seven teams snarling for second place in the Big Ten. The Spartans ran over Wisconsin 93-73 and Iowa 84-74 while Northwestern, Purdue and Michigan deadlocked for seconds.

## THE WEST

Utah's hustle and muscle men, short on finesse but long on physique, lumbered past hapless Wyoming 85-73 to clinch their third Skyline crown in six years under milk-wagging Coach Jack Gardner, then put the final frosting on a 13-1 league record by holding off stubborn Colorado State 68-61. Pearl Pollard, whose height (6 feet 8 inches) is no greater asset than his bulk (240 pounds), was the Redskins hardest to contain, bulldozing his way to 39 points in the two games. Denver, close on the Utes' heels down to the final week, faded badly in the stretch, falling before both Brigham Young 72-67 and Utah State

continued



**THE IVY LOOK** focuses on basket as Dartmouth's Rudy LaRusso evades Princeton defenders for layup in 69-68 win at Yale.

Providence (18-5), NYU (12-7), Denver (14-9), St. Bonaventure (20-2), St. Louis (20-4), Oklahoma City (20-5) and either Bradley (24-3) or Cincinnati (22-3).

The small colleges were also having their innings. Evansville (Ind.), Los Angeles State, Southwest Missouri State, Hope, South Dakota State, St. Michael's (Vt.), American U. and North Carolina A&T survived district playoffs to fight it out for the NCAA college division title at Evansville. Tennessee A&T, the defending champion, and 31 other teams invaded Kansas City and were busy eliminating each other in the NAIA competition.

## THE EAST

All season long Dartmouth and Princeton were as close as two peas in a pod. And things were no different when they met in a playoff at Yale's Payne Whitney Gym last Saturday night. The Indians,

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88-71, and finished in a tie for second with the Aggies. Denver caused more furor off the court than on by accepting an NIT bid while it still had a Skyline chance for the NCAA. But Coach Hoyt Brawner proved he was a realist—a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush.

California sat idly by while UCLA upset Washington 56-55 to give Bears the PCC championship. However, the Bears really didn't need the help. They sharpened up their claws on Oregon State 55-52 for a three-game spread over Washington. Santa Clara caught up to West Coast Champion St. Mary's, handling the Gaels their only conference loss 67-66. De Paul knocked Portland out of the NCAA 57-56.

#### THE SOUTH

The Atlantic Coast tournament loaded with excitement as North Carolina soundly trounced Clemson 94-69 and stopped rallying Duke 74-71, and North Carolina State edged South Carolina 75-72 and Virginia 66-63—tallied off in the final game. With State on probation and North Carolina safely in the NCAA, Coach Frank McGuire benched his regulars early, made it easy for the Wolfpack to heat his Tar Heels 89-56.

#### THE SOUTHWEST

SMU outshot Texas A&M 70-66 to finish second behind TCU in the Southwest Conference, but the Mustangs' joy quickly turned to grief when they learned that Bobby James, brilliant junior forward, had died in a fire while visiting his family in Ruston, La.

New Mexico State, in a three-way tie with Texas Western and Arizona State for the Border Conference crown, whipped Texas Western 65-48 and got ready to fight it out with Arizona State in a second playoff game for an NCAA spot.

#### CONFERENCE CHAMPIONS

- Ivy—Dartmouth (14 1)\*
- Yankee—Connecticut (8-2)
- Mid-Atlantic—St. Joseph's (7 0)
- Southeastern—Mississippi State (13-1)
- Atlantic Coast—N.C. State (17 2)\*\*
- Southern—West Virginia (11 0)\*\*
- Ohio Valley—Eastern Kentucky (10-2)
- Big Ten—Michigan State (12-2)
- Big Eight—Kansas State (13-0)
- Mid-American—Bowling Green\* and Miami (9-3)
- Southwest—TCU (12-2)
- Border—Texas Western, New Mexico State and Arizona State (7-3)
- Pacific Coast—California (14 2)
- West Coast St. Mary's (11-1)
- Skyline—Utah (13-1)
- Rocky Mountain—Idaho State (9 1)

\* Won playoff

\*\* Won conference tournament



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## SCOREBOARD

*A round-up of the sports  
revelations of the week*

FOR THE RECORD

**BASKETBALL**—**MATT MILLER**, 1974 FORDYARD, New York, 31. Address: 116 Forest Road, Highland, 77. He and his wife are future championship New Orleans, Texas.

傅利人, 1986年—KD AER, Yu Yari, and Shan Ye  
sua, *Anniston, Ill.*, for national amateur cham-  
pionship, *San Diego, Calif.*

**JOHN KADDE MICHEN**, 10-round decision over Jack Johnson, heavyweight, Portland, Ore. & **CHUCKLY SWITTELL**, 6-round KO over 24 lb novice Nana Valdez, heavyweight, Miami Beach.

**COUNTY TREAS.** JIMMY BARTWICK, 22, west Northrup Road, 20, both of Tolson, S.C., for 1 S. amateur shipmanship, New York this a few miles west River defended Liberty Jack Johnson, a professional, to become the first amateur to win the world title in the event (N.Y. N.Y. Feb. 24).

**GOLF SWIFTY KENNY**, 18-year-old, Okla., Florida; Ken Kenny is a man's member who plays at 1 and 2 over Lady Dell, Wichita, Kan., at St. Andrew.

DAS VIV ECKMAN, Bethesda, MD, North Atlantic  
multicenter pharmacokinetics for Mardel, C and J  
was John Eckman Co., Bethesda at University Ave.

**MR. KEY WRIGHT**, San Diego, Calif., *Salmon*  
*Jacksonville Fla.* owner's apron, for third time,  
with 284 for 72 Sales House-up *Wet's Bay*.

**GYMNASTICS**—**ILLINOIS**, with 111 points, took straight Big Ten championship, Bloomington, Ill., May 10.

**BOSSIE SACHS**—*Wife, 1936*—*Spring*—*at 47, 1936*  
*Neuro. Sachs died. 1.1.36—* *for the month.*

MUSTER PATENCW 45x,125 Laminum Derby.  
1.1 m - kg most, in 1 1/2 2 5, New Orleans Bay

STACEWORTH, J. L. O. 1960. *Bark-Mole H., 1 1 8 m.*  
by 2 1/2 lengths, on 1 10 1 1, Houlbrook Charles Hove  
m.

## INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS - KEN MILLER.

Hollywood, Calif., two-mile Pocono N'ral International Grand Prix, in Porsche Carrera, after race was delayed by multiple car pileup.

CLAYTON TANNER, *Monrovia, La.*, 60-mile  
ground national steel cut race, *Concord, N.C.*, in  
1976. Thoroughbred with 13 1/2-year career.  
MR. ID ANDRES, *San Diego, Calif.*, 200 with

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David M. B. — 1141 N. W. 22nd Ave., Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, 62801. Interests: in 1985, in better U.S. intercollegiate and American tennis.

**TRACK & FIELD**—**RUN** DELANY, our mile in 4:30.4 in local world indoor record set by him two months ago, at 1986 *New York Knights of '86*

includes some letters. J.L. LAMPERT, freshman at the University of Houston from Spring, Australia, ran two miles in a 16:8 in track world record set last month by Mike Hillman.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, with 11 points.  
Big Ten indoor championship, Madison, Wis.  
Rumson, Illinois with 8 points.  
Championship of the Midwest.

FLORISSANT FLEUR F&S, with 21 F 10 points, Double Oleander oblongumship, Laredo, Texas Running up NMI with 41 points  
FLEK, with 31 F 10 points, Hesperaloe Guine

MILEPOSTS—REVISED ROBERT GRAY.

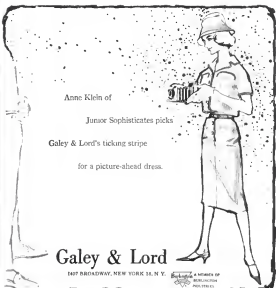
1914-1915: **WASH. LEADER**, 18, after 21 years with the Cleveland Indians as infielder, outfielder and pitcher he was now the highest paid pitcher in the American League after **Doc Feller**, announced.

he could better serve the Indians now as a scout and guide.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

An-Cost, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 84

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### SCOREBOARD

#### faces in the crowd . . .



**JUDY DAVIAN**, Baltimore, women's U.S. and world singles badminton champion, won the Mason-Dixon title, beating Dorothy O'Neill of Norwalk, Conn. at tournament in Baltimore.

**TOM TASHMICK**, 1 of Michigan swimmers, clocked 2:32.2 for 200-yard butterfly, 2:04.5 for 200-yard individual medley, set two U.S. records while leading team to Big Ten title at East Lansing.



**RAY CARROLL**, 24, a California cowboy, hit New York after 4,904-mile horseback ride across country. Along the way he wore out seven horses, picked up numerous calves and a fiancée.

**HAROLD EVAN**, Harvard swimming coach since 1925, announced that he would retire at close of season. During his years in Cambridge, the Crimson teams won 225 dual meets, lost only 41.



**CLYDE MORTON**, dog trainer of Alberta, Ala., sent pointer Palomino through National Bird Dog Championships, Grand Junction, Tenn., saw his 8-year-old pup win title for second time.

**MRS. DOROTHY RIBNEY**, ruled Chicago court, was free to sell holdings in White Sox. Ribney denied two petitions by her brother, Chuck Comiskey, who had sought to block team's sale to Bill Veeck.



**LAWRENCE DAMON**, U.S. Army private of Burlington, Vt., won North American Badminton singles and shooting title at Squaw Valley, but announced he would not have time for 1968 Olympics.



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## NEW YORK GETS THE

Promoter Bill Rosensohn, totting up his score card,  
awards the big Patterson-Johansson fight to the big city

by GILBERT ROGIN

WHILE FLOYD PATTERSON toiled among the sheepfolds at Ehsan's (formerly Madame Bey's) training camp in New Jersey this week, the world quite suddenly became a more profitable, useful place to be heavy-weight champion of. Patterson found that his big fight with Ingemar Johansson will take place in New York, the big and golden apple of boxing.

So, after his long, ingenious and devious search for a site for the Johansson fight (SI, March 2), Promoter Bill Rosensohn returned to New York. "The quest has turned up the desired end product," he said after totting up his score card (see below). "There was tremendous pressure from

Sweden, where 4,200 Swedes have made reservations to come over, the only condition being that the fight would be in New York; and the Swedes have indicated they will pay from \$50 to \$100 a seat. There was also the unavoidable fact that New York has proven itself the best boxing city in terms of really large gates; the grim, unyielding determination of the general (Major General Melvin L. Kravetsch, New York's ambitious boxing commissioner); the splendid cooperation of Mayor Wagner; the positive attitude of the press; and, finally, the guarantee."

The last, the guarantee, was, of course, the signal reason. When it

looked, in the past fortnight, as if New York would lose out, Mayor Wagner hurriedly formed a Heavyweight Championship Fight Committee. Its members were: Chairman Joseph P. Binus, president and chairman of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau and vice-president, Hilton Hotels; Paul Carey II, president, Carey Cadillac Renting Co.; Bernard Gimbel, chairman of the board, Gimbel Bros.; James A. Farley, chairman of the board, Coca-Cola Export Corporation; Sigurd S. Larsson, chairman, Young & Rubicam; Kingsbury Smith, publisher, *New York Journal-American*; Kenneth P. Steinreich, president, Jacob Ruppert; Lee B. Wood, executive editor, *New York World Telegram and Sun*; and William Zeckendorf Jr., president, Zeckendorf Hotels.

Again, the last, Zeckendorf, turned out to be the most significant. Young

## HOW ROSENSOHN SCORED THE 10 CITIES

10 points is the maximum in each category, and the scoring, while subjective in part, is as realistic as possible

	NEW YORK	CHICAGO	LOS ANGELES	MINNEAPOLIS	BALTIMORE	PHILADELPHIA	COLD SPRINGS	INDIANAPOLIS	SAN FRANCISCO	LAS VEGAS
Size of stadium	9	10	10	5	6	10	2	3	6	2
Potential gross gate	10	9	7	6	6	6	4	3	5	2
Parking facilities	5	7	8	10	7	10	6	7	6	6
Recent gate history	8	5	3	1	0	5	0	0	2	0
Recent sports trend	5	5	8	3	7	1	1	2	6	1
Attitude of media	9	8	5	9	8	6	7	10	6	7
Business, civic aid	10	10	8	10	9	6	10	10	7	7
Unusual events	6	8	10	9	2	2	10	8	3	1
Cash guarantee	10	8	0	8	6	6	8	0	0	0
Other considerations	10	9	10	7	5	3	4	4	3	2
Totals	82	79	69	68	56	55	52	47	44	28

ROSENSOHN includes in his last score-card category such items as nearness to Sweden, attitude of boxing commission, TV

blackout prospects, hotel rooms, population "makeup" in "unusual events," civic festivals, conventions, arena openings, etc.

# BIG FIGHT

Zeckendorf (he is 29) is a man Rosensohn recognizes as being of his own mold. "He immediately recognized," said Rosensohn, "the value of the fight for the city, and he moves as quickly as his mind works." Moving quickly, Zeckendorf took Rosensohn to see his father, the bold, visionary president of Webb & Knapp, a massive real estate empire. "His father," said Rosensohn, marveling, "is, in his own right, one of the outstanding promotionally minded men in business. After only two meetings, the Zeckendorfs came up with a \$600,000 guarantee. Their feeling was that it would be a cardinal crime to let New York lose this fight."

The \$600,000 was \$100,000 more than Rosensohn had been offered by any other city, and he felt it would be a cardinal crime to turn the money down. Although he had an alluring offer from Baltimore, where a group had suggested buying the 50,000 permanent seats in Memorial Stadium from Rosensohn for \$500,000 and 5,000 of the 10,000 seats on the field for another \$100,000, Rosensohn declined and told Patterson's manager, Cus D'Amato, that he was going to announce New York as the site. D'Amato, who admires Rosensohn's engaging dash and impetuosity but is used to a more thorough and conservative gait, asked why they should tip their hand so soon. "I'll tell you," Rosensohn told Cus. "The general told me he will not sanction another outdoor fight between June 1 and July 10 if we go on record that New York has this fight. I say speed is important to head off the Robinson-Moore fight if those people make it." D'Amato smiled and relented.

"This is something people said was impossible to do," Rosensohn said. "This is the first time New York as a city has said 'We want something' before the fact rather than after it, and done something about it. It augurs well. And doesn't this mean, with all these cities interested, with all these substantial men interested, that boxing at last has come out of the dim and the dark?"

END



PROMOTER ROSENSOHN, as though asking for unanimous assent on his site selection, gets a show of hands from his cast (below).



ANGEL BILL Zeckendorf (left) got New York the fight with a \$600,000 guarantee. Patterson's manager, Cus D'Amato, abandoned caution for early announcement.



CHAMPION PATTERSON has been hard at work at a New Jersey training camp. Challenger Johanson (right) is baring 4,200 fellow Swedes over here for the fight.



# DANNY AND THE PIRATES

**They used to play ball like a comic-strip team, but under the direction of a crooked-beaked little Irishman the youthful Pittsburghers have become a real-life threat for the pennant**

by ROY TERRELL

**A**MID all the muscle-flexing and fungo-hitting which mean that baseball has returned to the land once more, a strange and persistent conviction daily grows stronger throughout Florida that a team called the Pittsburgh Pirates might very well rise up in 1959, bounce the Milwaukee Braves right on their bratwurst and walk off with the National League pennant. If they do, it will be because of a group of young men who wouldn't be recognized by most baseball fans if they should walk into Toots Shor's at high noon wearing catcher's masks.

The reason for this cloak of anonymity which shields the Pittsburgh athletes is simply that the world finally got so tired of hearing how the Pirates were going to rise in all their youthful wrath some day that it quit watching them. So, when the uprising finally happened, no one outside the corporate limits of Pittsburgh was looking. "My goodness," people said, when informed later that the Pirates had been right in the middle of the pennant race, "what a sneaky thing for them to do."

Actually, the Pirates were not at all sneaky. They just got lost in the shuffle. Most of the excitement during the first two-thirds of the 1958 season was generated by the Giants—and, when the Giants finally ran out of pitching, the Braves ran off with the pennant. Or so it seemed. As a matter of fact, however, the Pirates made quite a run themselves. Starting from a tie for last place on

July 22, they went pelting along until they had climbed over everyone but Milwaukee, and they gave even the Braves a slight start.

Perhaps the most unusual thing about this 1958 Pittsburgh team was that on the surface it bore a marked resemblance to the 1957 one and the 1955 one—and even to the 1952 one, a clump of very young ballplayers with great potential, a word which, in Pittsburgh, had come to mean so we won't win this year, either.

There was, however, one basic difference. Where all those other Pittsburgh teams, for eight long years, finished either seventh or eighth, the 1958 Pirates finished second. They really did. And a good second, at that. The potential was finally realized. Without a Willie Mays or a Stan Musial or a Warren Spahn—or a Leo Durocher—all the youngsters got together under a soft-spoken, tobacco-chewing Irishman named Danny Murtaugh (who understood and appreciated them), pulled all at once in the same direction and left the rest of the National League quivering. Now here they are again, better than before.

Without the power of the Braves and Giants, with only Bob Friend yet qualified to rank among the game's really big stars, the Pirates expect to go a long way on superb defense, consistent batting and a pitching staff which shapes up as second only to that of the champion Braves. The big February deal with the Reds, in which Frank Thomas was used as barter for Harvey Haddix, Smoky Bur-

gess and Don Hoak, filled in the gaps which most needed filling—a catcher who could hit and a left-hand starting pitcher—and now the lineup is virtually set. There are no great experiments for Murtaugh to conduct in the camp down at Fort Myers this spring, no glaring deficiencies which must be patched. Right now the Pirates are ready to play ball. Perhaps most important of all, the time has finally arrived when they know what that means.

Typical of the brand of youthful experience which could make Pittsburgh so tough in the years to come is Richard Morrow Groat, a pleasant young man of 28, with a nice wife, two fine children, a \$25,000-a-year job and a balding head. With his neat clothes, an occasional good cigar and a Chrysler automobile, Groat looks for all the world like some promising young executive in a successful corporation, which, in a manner of speaking, he is. Groat is field captain and shortstop of the Pirates.

Rushed into a major league lineup straight off the Duke University campus in 1952, in all the helter-skelter of Branch Rickey's big rebuilding plan, he had to learn as he earned. For a while there, quite likely, Dick Groat was overpaid. Now, however, things are different, he is a veteran of five National League seasons and has finally figured out what big league baseball is all about.

So have others. Bill Mazeroski is only 22, yet he is heading into his fourth major league season and, with Red Schoendienst gone, Mazeroski stands alone as the league's best second baseman. Roberto Clemente was

*continued on page 76*

*Photographs by John G. Zimmerman*

**DANNY MURTAUGH** was Bobby Bragan's right-hand coach, took over as Pirate manager when Bragan was fired in 1957.





# A PRETTY LADY BEATS THE BOYS

**Silver Spoon, a filly, humiliates the colts in the Santa Anita Derby, stirring California's hopes and the hearts of racing's traditionalists as well**

by JAMES MURRAY

IN the Far West where men are men and so, usually, are horses, the 3-year-old Thoroughbred who will travel east this year to test the dudes at the Kentucky Derby is a graceful beauty with an upwepit hairdo, four lovely legs and a very real way with the boys. She is Silver Spoon and she was born with one in her mouth in the august stables of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. But she humbled nine roughnecks of the stronger sex in the 22nd running of the Santa Anita Derby on Saturday as though she had been born on the wrong side of the tracks with a chip on her shoulder.

Though trouncing male horses at her time of life is supposed to be as impossible as Jayne Mansfield winning the welterweight championship of the world, Silver Spoon clearly showed she didn't know she was supposed to be a lady. Only one filly (Circula, 1935) had ever won the Santa Anita Derby; only one (Regret, 1915) has

ever won the Kentucky Derby. But the crowd of 57,300 who jammed Santa Anita on Saturday was in no mood for historical precedent. They were in love. And Miss Silver Spoon, the sweetheart of Santa Anita, went off at 3 to 2 with the hearts and hopes—and money—of almost everyone. At the finish a 75-year-old codger from the butter-and-eggs country of Cotati, Calif. pressed a package on the Spoon's jockey, Ray York, and wrung his hand with tears in his eyes. It was a 100-year-old silver spoon the old gentleman had brought the 600 miles from his home, and it was wrapped in a green ribbon and gold box for the occasion. A letter enclosed "from one who loves horses" said: "I hope you and Silver Spoon will go on to Kentucky to win that big one and perhaps I might be there for the first time before I pass on."

It was an afternoon charged with emotion. The horses in that starting



SILVER SPOON IS EASED TO

gate—Ole Fols and Frin Roach, who had set and tied, respectively, the six-furlong track record this year; the in-and-out-again Finnegan, who was "in" the last time; the stretch-charging Royal Orbit—marked the best derby field in California in years. The hard-looking trainers like Charlie Whittingham conceded, "There's lots of Kentucky [Derby] horses in here this year."

Cinderella was in post position 6 when the race started, and though it soon became evident the race track was no place for a lady this day, she won easily against horses who proved they were no gentlemen. A western varmint aptly named Fightin' Indian fought his way to the front at first and, with the canny Johnny Longden aboard, was ready to offer action to anyone who came up to challenge. Another dry gulcher, Ole Fols, ranged along outside. Miss Silver Spoon, head high like a schoolmarm walking through the crowd in the front of the saloon, tried to move in between. They wouldn't let her, and for most of the way around the track they tried to break the cheeky gal's spirit.

In the end it was Ole Fols who gave way, and if it was his strategy to set up the race for his more promising stablemate, Finnegan, as many horsemen deduced, he failed miserably. He spit out the bit at the far turn and backed up dismally. He forced the astonished Finnegan to stop running



**FLEETING FILLY.** Silver Spoon, in hold by Owner C. V. Whitney, receiving trophy from Santa Anita track's Leigh Baltoun.



**FAMOUS FILLY.** Regret, only member of sex ever to win Derby (in 1915), is held by Owner Harry Payne Whitney, C.V.'s dad.



FINISH BY RAY YORK AS ROYAL ORBIT (8), FIGHTIN INDIAN (OBSCURED AGAINST RAIL) AND TULE (5) CONTINUE IN PURSUIT

just long enough to lose all chance. Meanwhile, aboard Silver Spoon, Jockey York, who was about to concede he too would have to take up, found that his young lady was made of sterner stuff. "She just kept going right on through there, and I got into her and had to use her. She's something all right," he said later in some awe.

With only Fightin Indian to put away, Silver Spoon was a shoo-in. Not even the slash of the whip across her flanks bothered her serene flight to a two-and-a-half-length win. Although Royal Orbit, a stretch-running bully-boy who has been known to panic even the colts, came at her near the finish, she contained him with ease and stepped across the finish line with ears pricking.

Before she ever got to the derby, Silver Spoon had had to prove her fortitude to her own dubious people. Even while weaning, she showed a lame hip in the pasture. By the time she reached the age of 3, the stable had twice tried to unload her—first by sale and then by entrance in an \$8,000 claiming race. That race, her first, was at Belmont last September 23, and someone missed the bargain of the decade. The Spoon won it by six lengths, galloping, but no one had claimed her. Though she still limps between races, she never limps on the track and has never been beaten. She has won five straight races at Santa Anita this winter, and three weeks

ago she won the filly championship by some 11 lengths. Girls bore her.

Silver Spoon is a daughter of Citation, who has never before distinguished himself as a producer of champions of his own kind. Owner Sonny Whitney, who also has in his 4-year-old Bug Brush the best handicapped filly on the West Coast, still wipes his brow when he thinks how close he came to losing Silver Spoon, who may well become one of the famous fillies of all time.

It was Whitney's father, the late Harry Payne Whitney, who owned the only filly to win the Kentucky Derby. "But it was easier in those days," conceded Whitney in the Santa Anita pressroom after the race. "There were so few Thoroughbreds then compared with about 10,000 American horses foaled each year for racing now."

Despite the odds which might make even Nick the Greek break into a sweat, Owner Whitney proposes to dip his Silver Spoon in the Kentucky Derby. "I think she rates it, don't you?" he asked, fastening a yellow carnation from the winner's blanket of flowers in his buttonhole and fastening his blue eyes on a ring of questioners. "I mean, I'm not so sure these colts here are not better than the eastern ones. It seems First Landing has not developed the way he should—or the way one had hoped." However, he does not plan to cam-

paign his glamour girl in Florida before the Derby. "She's a daughter now of California," he joked to the cheers of the turf writers.

Jockey Ray York, who has already won his Kentucky Derby (Determine, 1954), admitted cautiously that "It was a rough race. They had the filly in a switch all the way, and she had a rough trip. Boland [Ole Fols's jockey] kept me where he knew I wasn't going anywhere most of the way. But I had more confidence in her today than I have had in a mount in a long time. You usually got to save a filly. They won't stand a drive like a colt. But she did."

A friend asked: "How many filbes you seen, Ray, who could look colts in the eye the way she can?"

"Damn few," noted York.

Whether California's adopted daughter (who was bred in Kentucky) will become the fourth Santa Anita Derby winner of this decade to go on to win at Kentucky depends, as it always does with Thoroughbreds, on how she continues to shape up. With her, there is the additional hazard that she is, after all, a woman. "She's no tomboy," grinned Whitney. "She looks like a girl and she acts like a girl. Like all of them, she's temperamental and hard to handle when she gets her feelings hurt."

That's why all of California will be holding its breath until Derby time at Louisville. **END**

# Shining Sails and Happy People

**When residents of Florida's Tampa Bay area count blessings, they start with sun and sea and wind up with something for everyone**

A SINGLE STRIP along Florida's west coast (it includes Tampa Bay and centers on St. Petersburg) has the bluest water, the brightest sands and the balmiest sea breezes anywhere—at least so the residents say, and at the gleam of an eye they will invite you down to prove it. And they always will find takers. Half the sailors in the country, it seems, have sailed at St. Petersburg. At right are the sails of some 50 Lightning boats that have come in from as far west as Kansas for the annual Mid-Winter Lightning Regatta. The Lightnings will be followed shortly by a similar convention of sleek Thistles, and there are a dozen deep-water ocean races involving up to 30 of the big boats (*following pages*) congregated here for the winter, whose skippers are always setting off in friendly competition for Fort Myers, Clearwater, Venice, Tarpon Springs or Havana. Thousands of local skippers stage regattas to fill the intervals, supplying clouds of Snipes, Fishes and Flying Dutchmen, in fact anything from sophisticated planing hulls down to the little 8-foot Optimist Frams which cradle the area's future sailing men. But anyone who thinks that sailing is the area's only sport is wrong. As Carleton Mitchell reports in a survey of the area (*page 58*), the causeways are dotted with fishermen who pay nothing for the privilege but the price of a pole, the fairways inshore are spotted with the bright straw hats of leisurely golfers, and the stands in Al Lang Field are filled with comfortably composed bleacherites who see the Yanks and the Cards long before their northern brethren. From the youngest to the oldest, this is the happy place.

*In a colorful crowd, Lightnings (top) in Tampa Bay move up for the start of a race. Below, at race's end, they get a tow back to St. Petersburg*





*With spinnakers filling before a brisk northerly, three trim yachts,  
(from left) Jack Brison's "Callesh," J. Spencer McCourtney's "Brisete" and  
Luís Vidale's "Criollo," head off on the St. Petersburg ocean race*





*Bright sails make a colorful pattern on yacht club lawn in St. Petersburg*



# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## Our Inning

SOME weeks ago we took refuge in a baseball metaphor to phrase our admiration and envy at the Soviet Union's lunar space shot. We said, in essence, that since the ball was knocked clean out of the park we wished one of our boys had been at bat.

In recent weeks, as the crack of real bickery on real horsehide began to resound in training camps not too far from the spacemen's Cape Canaveral, the baseball analogy has become even more valid to the missile game.

There were at first several quite satisfactory infield hits as the missilemen tested their less spectacular weapons on earth's own surfaces. Then, with the Air Force up, there was a tremendous clout which rose straight up toward the North Pole. As the men on the field, like so many bewildered catchers, dashed about in circles shouting "Where'd it go?" alternate cries of "Fair ball!" and "Foul!" arose from the stands.

The last official ruling, we understand, is that the Air Force hit a fair ball, now successfully in orbit from north to south.

But the best part was still to come. With a lunar batting average of 0 for 4 against us, the Army stepped up to the plate for its last official time at bat (the civilians will be taking over in space from now on) and, after one tentative swing, hauled off and clouted a beautiful solar home run.

Once again the ball had sailed clean over earth's center-field fence, and this time our boys were the ones who sent it.

## How They Play

ONE hoped-for benefit of the increasing spread of international athletic competition is a corresponding spread of international good will.

During the past few weeks, however, this worthy aim has taken a considerable licking as U.S. and Canadian amateur hockey teams played in Europe for the world championships. Unlike its European counterpart, which is largely a stick-handling game, North American hockey is a free-swinging, head-butting, body-checking brawl that is not readily

adaptable to good public relations practice. As a result, in the five weeks spent warming up for this week's playoffs in Prague, both North American teams have generated somewhat more friction than friendship in the Old World.

The U.S. Nationals got their worst lumps and their worst notoriety in

*continued*

## BOSTON CELTICS 173, MINNEAPOLIS LAKERS 139

—News Item



NBA Boss Podoloff: "Now boys, here's the way to play defense!"

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Stockholm in an outdoor game during a snowstorm, which hid most of the action from the referee. In consequence, there was plenty of elbowing, tripping and hooking on both sides. At one point a 210-pound Swede cross-checked Michigan's smallish Weldon Olson, knocked out two of his teeth, split his lip and broke both of his cheekbones. The resulting fight was interrupted only now and then to continue the game. Earlier, at Sundsvall, two U.S. players sentenced to the penalty box were set upon by Swedish spectators. A small riot followed. Police laid about indiscriminately with rubber truncheons and even managed to swat both the defending Americans.

Meanwhile, the defending world champion Canadians were busy in Helsinki, where Finland's fans had at times with snowballs. The Canadians ended up fighting officials, opponents and spectators alike. "Go home," urged a Finnish newspaper headline next day.

And a few days after that, the Canadians were fighting it out in West Germany, where the press called them "Hockey rowdies" who play a game "imported from the Wild West."

What with the flying fists and the blood and the snowballs and all, it is difficult from where we sit to say just who was at fault in all this. Maybe it's all just an unfortunate misunderstanding. But if international amity is to carry the day we think it's about time somebody dug up once again Grantland Rice's old saw, that reliable one about "He writes not that you won or lost, but how you. . ."

## They Said It

**FRANK LANE**, general manager of the Cleveland Indians, offering to other American League managers a grand strategy for the coming season: "We should all have one objective—to keep the Yankees from winning again."

**TERRY BRENNAN**, once Notre Dame coach, now in charge of conditioning the Cincinnati Reds: "Once in a while I forget and almost koller for somebody to bring out the shoulder pads and blocking dummies."

**JAMES C. MATTHEWS**, President of North Texas State College, quaking the fierce caused when students knew Basketball Coach Pete Sands in *egg* after a 70-58 loss to St. Louis University: "Incidents such as these are the best way I know to insure the tenure of a coach at this college."

Though come to think of it—how do you play the game and win friends when each side has been trained to entirely different techniques and the audience has been conditioned to appreciate and accept only one of them?

## One Way to Moon

ON the assumption—not necessarily valid—that statistics are almost as dear to the American heart as baseball, United Airlines has compiled a mass of records concerning the flying habits of the 16 U.S. major league ball teams, all of whom fly United.

The Detroit Tigers, says the airline, will make the most trips by air this year (39), and the San Francisco Giants will cover the most miles



(30,235). The Kansas City Athletics will finish in the American League cellar—so far as air travel is concerned—with six flights totaling only 2,717 miles, and the New York Yankees will wind up in seventh place with 11 trips and 7,826 miles. National Leaguers, shuttling across the continent, will cover 212,060 air miles altogether, while the American League, which never gets west of Kansas City, will fly only 80,124.

The Los Angeles Dodgers will fly United only 21 times in 1959, less than any other National League team.

But that, says United, is because the Dodgers will use their private "club-owned Convair for short trips in the East."

The total distance flown by both leagues will be 292,184 miles. If all this travel were lavished on a single team—the Dodgers, say—it would take them easily to the moon (mean distance from Los Angeles: 238,857 miles), where Walter O'Malley might find several craters more readily available for baseball than embattled Chavez Ravine.

## The Chosen Instrument

THE Golden Gloves, which draws most of its talent from charitable enterprises like the Catholic Youth Organization and the Police Athletic League (ardent believers in boxing as an inspiration to potentially wayward youth), has produced 20 professional world champions in the past 30 years. Almost all the champions, whatever their problems as teenagers, have reached maturity as exemplary citizens, making it seem that the CYO, the PAL and the Golden Glove promoters are quite right in their view of boxing as a fine, character-building sport.

But an occasional young man, leaving the good influences of amateur boxing, falls in with evil company. Such a one was Johnny Saxton.

When Johnny turned professional after winning the Golden Gloves New York title back in 1948, he was a well-mannered youth, so respectful of his heroes that he once turned shyly away from an opportunity to meet Joe Louis because he felt unworthy of the honor.

"I ain't entitle to it yet," he said.

Three years later Saxton's manager was former Numbers Racketeer Blinky Palermo, hoodlum pal of hoodlum Frankie Carbo. Palermo and Carbo are two of the dirtiest of boxing's dirty-business men. Carbo is now on the lam from New York D.A. Frank Hegan's investigation of fixed fights and corrupted officials.

In little more than a year Johnny Saxton was a professional champion, but he still was not "entitled" to meet Joe Louis. He had become one of the

most despised of champions. Even before he took the title from Kid Gavilan by a Philadelphia decision that rocked boxing, he and Johnny Bratton had been showered with accolades when they went through the motions of an absurd imitation of a fight. Crumpled beer caps were thrown at him and Ramon Fuentes when they performed a similar service for Los Angeles fans. After losing the title to Tony DeMareo, Johnny won it back from Carmen Basilio by a preposterous decision in Chicago.

Pretty soon Johnny, the shy lad who once had been so humble, was an embarrassingly rocky brawler. He began to appear in newspaper headlines: SAXTON HELD ON GUN RAP; SAXTON TAKES SECOND CLOSE ONE BY ESCAPING 15-DAY JAIL TERM; and, just last week, EX-CHAMP SAXTON IS SEIZED AS HUGGLAR.

The once shining hope of the Golden Gloves had been caught coming out of an apartment house with a \$100 Orlon cape, \$5.20 in cash and a crumpled half pack of cigarettes he had lacked the pride to ignore. The \$5.20, he said, would have taken him over to Madison Square Garden to see the Golden Gloves.

Detectives said he admitted burgling other apartments.

"I made a quarter million dollars as a fighter," Johnny said, "and now I owe \$16,000 in taxes."

He is not alone in the Carbo-Palermo set of chosen instruments. During that same week Jimmy Carter, a former Carbo fighter and only man to win the lightweight championship three times, was involved in a scrape with a woman in Los Angeles, where he works as a laborer. Ike Williams, a Palermo boy from whom Carter won the lightweight title, is scrambling for a living.

Once, when Blinky was in a jam, Johnny Saxton signed a paper that referred to Blinky as "my manager, my friend and my adviser . . . honest and trustworthy." Now Johnny is in a jam. Has Friend Blinky come up from Philadelphia to help him?

"None of Saxton's fair-weather friends has stopped forward," said his lawyer, David Fay, last week, as he scrounged in vain for bail money.



"I tell you, Sergei, auster among the Americans is more pronounced than we dared hope. Why else would they shout, 'Break up the Yankees?'"

### The No-trickster

SOMEONE, says Yale's swimming coach Bob Kiphuth, "is always asking, 'What's he holding back? What's his trick?' The answer is 'Nothing.' We've never had a gimmick here except the ability to roll up our sleeves, spit on our hands and convolute our brains a little."

On this simple formula, John Robert Herman Kiphuth, now a robust 68, has designed and built championship swimming teams at Yale for half a century.

"Swimming has changed very little since I came here," said Kiphuth last week. "And the reason we've lost only 12 out of 528 dual meets in all that time is not that we know something special. The only way to get the full reward of sport is to be in condition. We spend the first three months of the term building up muscles and building up more muscles on those muscles. After that, I don't care if the boy is Humpty Dumpty and can't make it across the pool. He's on the team and we never cut him. And since we began here, only two

boys who came out all four years didn't make their letter."

Bob Kiphuth, the son of a Tonawanda, N.Y. millwright, came to New Haven as a physical education instructor in 1914. He was put in charge of the swimming team one fall afternoon in 1917, when the regular coach suddenly got sick. His teams started winning at the outset ("I loved winning then and I love it now," he says).

In later years Kiphuth introduced such devices as flutter boards, lane mirrors and traveling underwater movie cameras. And in the early '30s, he helped design the huge Gothic Payne Whitney Gymnasium (the "Temple of Sweat"), which contains the only indoor long course pool in the U.S. But for all that, he never tampered with swimming's basic strokes. "Why in hell should I?" he asks, with his best poolside irascibility. "I haven't seen the man yet, here or anywhere else, who could really use the ones already around. I wouldn't waste my time."

For a man whose whole life has

continued

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

been swimming (he has coached four Olympic teams and 200 non-Yale swimmers), Bob Kipthuth has a remarkable regard for scholarship. He has written four books himself, and his quarters in Timothy Dwight College are lined with 7,000 volumes whose subjects range from the fine arts to physical education. "The swimming is only for fun," he once said. "Studies are what count. I will say this, though: if my boys weren't going to college and I could work them 10 miles a day, I'm sure nearly all of them would go to the top. That's why the Australians have the edge on most of us. They simply work harder."

This week, after meeting and beating Harvard for the 19th consecutive time, Bob Kipthuth (like his old friend and rival, Harvard's Hal Ulen, 66) is headed for retirement. But this fact has in no way impaired his zest for rolling up his sleeves.

"I've got my huttons and I've got at least 10 years of work ahead of me," he says. "My big worry is whether I can find time to do it."

### *The Most on the Ice*

UNTIL very recently the ancient Scots sport of curling was thought of by Americans south of the Canadian border as largely an old man's game played by grizzled sportsmen in tams and kilts on the ice ponds of swank New England country clubs. Even in Canada itself, where curling caught on from the very first (Alberta's curlers were granted a charter by Scotland's Royal Caledonian Curling Club a year before their territory became a full-fledged province), the prerogative of age was rigorously sustained. Good, smooth ice was comparatively rare in the days before mechanical refrigeration, and the oldesters didn't want gawky lads cluttering up the few available gleaming sheets.

Canada's kids, however, showed no inclination to be shoved aside like a badly placed stone by a lot of testy grownups. All over the nation kids were busy approximating the official 38-pound curling stones by molding concrete in one-gallon jam buckets and sliding them across whatever ice

they could find. Jam-pail bonspiels were the common curling equivalent of American sandlot baseball.

Since World War II and the sudden increase of artificial ice rinks, the teen-age curlers have taken over in a big way. Of an estimated 400,000 Canadian curlers 70,000 are schoolboys. Teen-age curlers outnumber teen-age hockey players by four to one, according to reliable estimates. Furthermore, curling is the only Canadian sport of any kind which boasts an official national annual championship tournament on the schoolboy level.

On the home ice of the Western Hockey League's Calgary Stampeders, Canada's 44 top schoolboy curlers, their many-hued sweaters pocket-marked with the badges of local triumphs, gathered recently for this year's national playdown. Some 4,500 curling fans packed the stands to watch the play on five gleaming sheets of ice. In the final rounds Alberta and Ontario stood high with seven wins and two losses apiece; Northern Ontario, Saskatchewan and Quebec were close behind with six and three. The possibility of a five-way tie seemed imminent, and officials, who had been warned the ice must be cleared away for a Wild West show on the following day, were nervously trying to make arrangements for playoffs at another arena. As the final end (inning) began, the Alberta rink (four-man team) under Skip John Trout, an enthusiast as vociferous as a (Brooklyn) Dodger fan, had pulled ahead, leaving the other four rinks even-up just behind. With Trout's rock neatly in the center of the bull's-eye New Brunswick's skip shot; the crowd was tense and motionless. With every eye on it, the New Brunswick rock slid wide, leaving Trout's rock a stanch winner, and the entire arena exploded in a bedlam of cheers.

For the first time ever, the Alberta rink had won the championship, and its star and skip, John Trout, who has been known to rout his rink out for midnight practice after the oldesters have gone to bed, was all smiles. A teen-ager as well as a curler, he said only: "It's the most?"

## URBANITY

AN ugly picture of the America of the very near future has just been painted before conservation leaders who journeyed to New York City, more than a thousand strong, for the 24th North American Wildlife Conference and 22 related meetings. This picture is one of a land of vast, sprawling urban complexes containing woefully inadequate green places for outdoor recreation; hardly any space to get out and cool off from the heat generated by the pressures of living in these contiguous cities.

The speakers emphasized how fast this condition is being reached. They told how superhighways, usually built through richer land, are spawning communities and industrial centers along their routes; how the rush to the suburbs results in cities bumping into each other; and how a populace on wheels makes this urban sprawl possible.

Dr. Edward C. Higbee of the University of Delaware said that, unless precautions are taken, whole regions such as that between Boston and Washington are destined to become fused cities and suburbs. David R. Brower, executive director of the Sierra Club in San Francisco, confided that he had been sent to New York on a secret mission—a search for land on which California can resettle its surplus citizens.

"I wish this pretense was as humorous as it is ridiculous," he said. "But it isn't."

Then he added a few brush strokes to the general picture by describing the West Coast freeways and how the suburban sprawl has already spread 30 miles to the south along both sides of San Francisco Bay.

"And if northern California thinks it has a problem, you can pardon southern California for laughing," he said. "Their growth is three times as fast as ours."

He even dropped an arch hint that those earthquakes they have out there are not due to subterranean shifting but are simply caused by the increasing weight of people.

Melvin E. Scheidt, consultant and former director of the Baltimore Regional Planning Council, wielded his

# AND THE WILDERNESS

Sports Illustrated's Nature Editor John O'Reilly cocks an ear to some dire and provocative warnings on civilization's threatening betrayal of the civilized

brush to paint the metropolitan sprawl in that city. In 1930, he said, Baltimore had 304,000 people, but the four surrounding counties had only 228,000. By 1957 the city's population had increased only to 980,000, but the surrounding counties

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*"Between 1950 and 1956, the nation's population increased by 15 million. Of these, 13 million were in the areas which contain the largest cities and their environs."*

---

had grown to 727,000. By 1980 the regional population is expected to reach 2,600,000 and may reach 4,000,000 by the year 2000, even though the city of Baltimore itself is expected to have only 1,300,000 as its ultimate population.

At past meetings speakers have discussed fluctuating animal populations, habitat and life history studies and problems of wildlife management. They still do. At this conference, held at the Statler-Hilton Hotel, they took up everything from "Reliability of Cottontail Censusing" to "Food Habits of Mallards in Louisiana." But now the conservationists have run smack into an explosion—an explosion of the human population. Planners in any of these

---

*"The disappearance of farmland in the environs of cities is estimated at approximately one half million acres each year."*

---

fields have to keep revising their estimates because of human invasion.

In less than 20 years, said Dr. Higbee, the population of the U.S. has increased by 50 million and there will be 62 million more Americans living here in 1975.

Mr. Brower put it this way:

"In this century the world has used up, and lost forever, more natural resources than in all previous history. And there are now alive, with an unprecedented appetite for resources, 10 per cent of all the men who ever lived on this earth: 25 billion people in the long million years since the dawn of man; 2.5 billion since Yel-

lowstone National Park was created."

In the face of this population explosion it is up to the planners and the legislators to guarantee open spaces for recreation before the urban sprawl gets beyond control. Planning for wise use of the land we have left is needed and needed in a hurry. Said Laurence S. Rockefeller, chairman of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, in his first public speech on his organization's plans since the commission was formed last year:

"In creating our commission, the Congress and the President recognized that conservation for physical, cultural and spiritual benefit of the American people is in a critical period of transition as a result of new demands. The unprecedented growth of population, the basic shifts of age groups within the population, the increase in leisure time because of

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*"When man obliterates wilderness, he repudiates the evolutionary force that put him on this planet. In a deep and terrifying sense, man is on his own."*

---

shorter hours and earlier retirement, increasing urbanization and the tremendous strides taken in transportation all lead to the need for re-examination of our outdoor resources and a new appraisal of our requirements, not for just today, but in the terms set out by the act establishing the commission, looking ahead as far as the year 2000."

The commission will take a recreation inventory, evaluate and make comprehensive information and recommendations to the President, the Congress and the individual states and territories. Its findings are to be presented in 1961.

Mr. Rockefeller observed that recreation is still considered by many, including policy makers, as a waste of time.

"We can recognize, as a sign of our reaching maturity as a people," he said, "that this attitude is beginning to change. We are beginning to recognize that outdoor recreation—as a healthy, satisfying and often creative

use of leisure time—has evolved from a luxury of the few to a necessity of the many. We must recognize also that sports promotion, travel advertising and the commercial use for outdoor areas have all played a part in accentuating the demand for outdoor facilities."

As his part in the effort to retain future breathing space Mr. Brower made an eloquent plea for the passage of the Wilderness Bill, a measure to insure protection of existing wild areas.

"We work hard, with a sense of urgency," he said. "The wilderness we now have is all the wilderness we shall ever have in America. There is little left—less than one-third acre per person in the U.S. if you count all the wilderness that has any administrative protection in our national parks and forests and wildlife refuges and on Indian lands. One-third of an acre per person today; less per person as our population expands still further; all of it subject to being struck out by an administrator's pen."

Monroe Bush, of the Old Dominion Foundation in Washington, D.C., added a grimmer shade to the picture when he said, "We cannot honestly pretend that the American people, as a people, have a conservation conscience."

Faced with this appalling urban sprawl and rural shrinkage and con-

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*"Some fifteen years ago, a writer friend of mine, seeking peace and quiet, built a house in the desert, west of Albuquerque. Today his house is in the middle of a bustling suburban community."*

---

fronted by the looming prospect of these great pools of population with scarcely any green spaces in which to enjoy the relaxation and fun for which most of us work, it is obvious to us that the American people had better heed these experts—had better rise up on their hind legs and give voice to a conservation conscience. And they had better do it in a hurry, for time, as well as the land, is a-wasting. **END**



## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

# THE SMOOCH OF VICTORY

The hug and/or kiss has now become the standard climax to all manner of sporting events, as these pictures attest. One enthusiast in far-off Indonesia who seemed to be trying to establish smooching itself as a sport raised angry cries of "foul!"



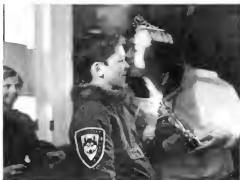
**GLIDER QUEEN** Betty Ann Nelson nuzzled Larry Bell with closed eyes after he won the Pacific Coast midwinter soaring championship meet at Torrey Pines in southern California.

**FIRST-CLASS HUG** for second-place honors in Squaw Valley 500-meter skate was the special final award to handsome Bill Disney of Alhambra, Calif. from his pretty wife Betty.

**COMMUNIST ROSS** Ho Chi Minh of North Vietnam, shown here clinching a vote in the shrubbery, outraged Moslems in Indonesia on a state visit last week by a penchant for too fervid political kissing that was not restricted to babies.



**ROMAN HOLIDAY** for Pilot Max Conrad after 56th transatlantic crossing in light plane includes laurel and a chaste kiss from Italian Actress Valeria Faenzi, Chicago-to-Rome flight took 34 hours.



**QUEENLY PECK** on the cheek salutes the world's youngest championship dog sled driver, Johnny Frisco, after the 11-year-old boy drove in the New England Championships at Newport, N.H.



## A GOOD PENNY COMES HOME

**B**ELIEVE IT OR NOT, the personage pictured at the right is not Patrick Henry addressing the Virginia House of Burgesses. It is a 20-year-old girl ski star addressing the New Hampshire state legislature. Back in the U.S. only a few hours after a triumphant 16 months of competitive skiing in Europe, Olympic hopeful Penny Pitou was promptly presented to a joint session of the state House and Senate as a part of her day-long homecoming celebration. "Well, you really caught me off guard," gushed the pretty skier, who developed an ulcer (now on the mend) and a fine technique while abroad.

After her speech, Penny's adoring New Hampshire elders hustled their wandering daughter off to a luncheon in Concord, drove her through the streets of Laconia behind a small brass band and at last allowed her some time with her family. That night she was pressed back into service for a banquet (Belknap Mountain roast beef, Squaw Valley gravy) and a dance. But a few days later she was back on skis. "I must concentrate now on the Olympic trials at Stowe," she said. "After the Olympics, if I make them, I will go back and finish school."

*Photographs by Ted Polambour*



**OURING BREAK** in the scheduled events of Penny Pitou Day, skier pauses to greet the dogs she left behind in November 1937.



**BEFORE GETTING DOWN TO CAT'S BUSINESS** (INCLUDING A

**SPANGLED SWEATER FROM EUROPE** DELIGHTS PENNY'S







PENDING BILL ON THE SALE OF LIVE POULTRY) THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATORS TAKE TIME OUT TO HONOR PENNY PITOU MOTHER AND DAD AS SHE UNPACKS AT HOME IN GILFORD, N.H.



LAST DANCE of the evening was saved by Penny for father, who is as deft on the dance floor as he is on the sled slopes.

# Designed for the most



r-facing "observation seat," powered by Chrysler Corporation, keeps youngsters happy. Side-rod tailgate can only be lowered with windows down.

## 22 DIFFERENT WAGONS TO CHOOSE FROM—AMERICA'S LARGEST SELECTION



PLYMOUTH Deluxe Suburban  
—one of 10 models



DOGE Custom Sierra  
—one of 4 models



DE SOTO Fireweep Explorer  
—one of 4 models



CHEVSEER Windsor Town and Country  
—one of 4 models

# charming chauffeurs in town

## The *Can Do* wagons of The *Forward Look*

Big family-size wagons engineered by Chrysler Corporation to take the work out of driving. Easiest to steer and park, carry more with more comfort than any other wagons on the road.

Station wagons used to be For Men Only. You had to have biceps to drive one.

This was a shame. Nobody needs a wagon more than the little lady who does the family chauffeuring. For carting sticky children and wet dogs. Loading in groceries. Transporting scouts, husbands, and other mothers—and all the varied tasks in her fast-moving day.



Pushbutton driving proved by over 15 billion miles just five buttons on left, easy from children. (Chrysler Corporation Exclusive.) And now you can get pushbutton heater and air conditioner too.

So, our engineers designed wagons that use *their* muscle to save yours. They drive with pushbuttons, handle easy as a small car, ride smoother than most sedans, and carry big loads with more comfort than any other wagons.



Locked hidden luggage compartment keeps valuables extra-safe. (Chrysler Corporation Exclusive.)



More room to carry, more room to sit. Seats fold flat to the floor at a touch.

Plenty of room to carry almost anything you want—with over 95 cubic feet of cargo space. And the third seat faces back—probably the safest seat ever designed for youngsters. Once they're tucked in, tailgate can't be opened unless rear window is down. And you control the window from up front, electrically. Some wagons still have the old-fashioned third seat you can only get to by "climbing over" from up front—but not ours!

Power steering that helps you full time, (not off-and-on, as in some cars). Makes these the easiest handling cars you've ever driven.



Exclusive Torsion-Air suspension keeps out rough roads. Torsion bars twist at bumps (like hose, in inset), help hold wheels down, keep ride smooth.

Extra safety features. Automatic beam changer that dims your lights for oncoming cars. Fender mirror you can adjust from inside. Huge look-all-around windshield. Safety glass on all sides. Extra-big, extra-powerful Total-Contact brakes.

Your husband will like: Optional air suspension, so wagon levels itself for heavy loads; and powerful new engines even better than those that took top honors in Mobilgas Economy Runs these past two years.



Rear seat faces back. Window rolls down into tailgate. No clumsy overhead "trunk" on these wagons! (Chrysler Corporation First.)

All this and looks that set the style trend. Drive a *Can Do* Wagon of The *Forward Look* this week. And bring the whole family. That's who we build our wagons for!



Spare tire in fender. Out of the way—easy to get to. Permits tire changing without unloading cargo inside. (Chrysler Corporation First.)

Pushbutton transmission, heater and air cond., power, electrically operated rear window, Automatic Beam Changer, locked luggage compartment, and power steering are either standard or extra equipment on Chrysler Corporation wagons. Ask your dealer, please.

*A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes*

Can Do Wagons of The *Forward Look*  
from Chrysler Corporation



PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER

# SEBRING'S HORN OF PLENTY AND A GUY NAMED HILL

Florida's 12-hour sports car race is again jammed with talent. It features the seasonal bow of a superb homebred driver

by KENNETH RUDEEN

**T**HOROUGHGOING disciples of road racing in the U.S. are subject to an annual mass-migratory instinct. When this takes effect they press onward regardless of hell, high water and southern traffic cops until they reach the small central Florida town of Sebring. You may see them each March at the Sebring race course, broiling in the noonday sun and groping around like somnambulists in the evening, now and then nibbling the stale sandwiches of their box lunches, pricking their ears to the sweet, deafening roar of the racing cars.

They are not necessarily unhinged. They go to Sebring because its race is unique in the U.S. It is the only one counting toward the world championship for manufacturers of sports cars; it is the only one that brings virtually all the best European drivers and racing sports cars to American soil. Furthermore, it lasts for 12 solid hours, from 10 in the morning until 10 at night—an automotive feast of

Lucullan proportions for the migrants.

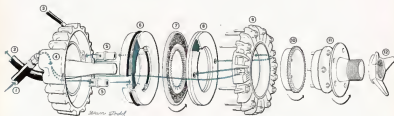
They are awaiting next Saturday's ninth annual 12-hour Grand Prix of Endurance with special anticipation because it is the first race of the new season for an American driver of rare promise, Phil Hill (see cover and page 42). At long last the U.S. has, in Hill, a road racing driver capable of winning the highest international honors. Defending champion at Sebring, again a member of the first-rate Italian Ferrari team, he is tentatively set to co-drive with his up-and-coming fellow Californian, Dan Gurney. If Hill goes on to excel this year in the more difficult sphere of Formula 1 racing he will be welcomed back to Sebring on December 12 with patriotic jubilation. For at Sebring on that day will be held the first postwar American Grande Epreuve (i.e., Formula 1 race counting toward the world driver championship).

Hill and Gurney may be hot favorites for the over-all victory next week,

but neither they nor any other top-flight pair can be certain of even finishing the race. Some mechanical failures are to be expected, and uppermost in everyone's mind is the fact that Sebring's 5.2 miles of long straightaways and sharp turns make the world's most severe racing test of brakes. This year the Italian wizard, Enzo Ferrari, has gone so far as to equip his three factory entries with disc brakes, despite his traditional reliance on and great success with drum brakes. The famous Connecticut sportsman Briggs Cunningham and his associate, Alfred Momo, have gone a step beyond. They have fitted one of their three English Lister-Jaguars with experimental water-cooled disc brakes (see diagram below).

Water-cooled drum brakes have been tried before (by Cunningham and Momo, in fact, on a Ferrari at Le Mans in 1964), but water-cooled disc brakes are unprecedented in racing. Developed by the Raybestos Co., they are quite unlike conventional wheel-and-caliper disc brakes. With two copper discs pressing a central friction plate when in use, they provide nearly three times as much friction area for each wheel as normal

*continued*



**WATER-COOLED DISC BRAKES**, unique in racing, will be on one Lister-Jaguar. This exploded view shows a complete assembly. When brake pedal is depressed, inboard and outboard copper pressure plates (6, 8) squeeze friction disc (7). Hydraulic fluid (3) causes inboard plate to act as piston. Coolant (1) is pumped

into inboard casting (4). One flow (5) cools inboard plate. Second flow channels into outboard casting (9) and outboard plate assembly (8), rejoins first flow in inboard casting and recirculates (2) via special radiator. Friction disc, gear (10), hub (11) and hubcap (12) rotate with road wheel; other parts are fixed.



*Boris Yeltsin—the man in the Hathaway shirt.*

## Hathaway presents Bermuda Blue—to support a famous dictum

**N**EVER WEAR a white shirt before sundown," thunders the good old Hathaway dictum. "Plain white looks like a uniform in the morning—and like murder by midafternoon."

Hathaway's famous Batiste Oxford in Bermuda Blue has none of these drawbacks. The cool new color is clearly unique. It was inspired by the reflections of sun-

light on water. As for the fabric, it is as cool as it looks. You can wear it through an all-day board meeting without a wrinkle.

At first glance, you might mistake this miraculous Batiste Oxford for any other top-grade Oxford. *But it is one third lighter than ordinary Oxfords.* Moreover, it never feels sleazy the way some summer-weight shirtings do. Hathaway's weavers have re-

tained the *substance* of an Oxford cloth, while discarding its weight.

Hathaway's Batiste Oxford shirts now feature Bermuda Blue in stripes or solids, with a wide variety of collar styles. They cost only \$6.95. White is a dollar less.

Go to the best store in town or write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. In New York, call OXford 7-5566.



### Mark Twain holds forth at Klaproth's Tavern

Wit flashed when Mark Twain spoke and his favorite Kentucky bourbon, Old Crow, flowed during convivial evenings at the famed Elmer, N.Y. tavern. According to an intimate biography, the beloved humorist once ordered 25 barrels of Old Crow to assure his supply at Klaproth's.



LIGHT • MILD • 56 PROOF  
KENTUCKY BOURBON

## Taste the Greatness of **OLD CROW**

America's Preferred Bourbon

It is rare for any product to be as singled out for public praise as Old Crow has been for 124 years. In every generation great Americans have praised it by name. Today, Kentucky's Old Crow is the most preferred in all America... because from the day it was born it has been the perfect bourbon.

*"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"*



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disc brakes; if the special cooling system works properly they will not suffer from the braking malady of overheating.

As usual, the cars most in the running for the over-all victory are the all-out European team entries with engines built to the maximum displacement of three liters. There are seven in all: the Lister-Jags, the Ferraris and a single English Aston Martin. Privately owned Ferraris and Maseratis also have a chance; so do the small-engined but superlight German Porsches, which always finish well up in the standings and rarely have serious brake trouble.

Having dominated Sebring in 1956 and 1958, Enzo Ferrari now sends three new disc-braked racers with 3-liter, V-12 engines that are slightly hotter, at 320 hp, than last year's, and with lighter, more streamlined bodies and revised suspension systems. As a group, his team drivers will be the best at Sebring: the Americans Hill, Gurney and Chuck Daigh; Britain's Tony Brooks; France's Jean Behra; and Belgium's Olivier Gendebien, co-winner with Hill of the re-



**SUPER STREAMLINER** British Lister-Jaguar with body by Aerodynamicist Frank Costin will be driven at Sebring by the topflight British pair, Stirling Moss and Ivor Bueb.

nowned 24-hour race at Le Mans last year. Backing them up will be four good privately owned 3-liter Ferraris and two touring Ferraris that will be favored in their class.

Ferrari's British opposition should be much stiffer than it was last year, when the best British cars succumbed early to a variety of ailments. Two of the current Jaguar-engined, six-cylinder, 270-hp cars from the tiny Cambridge shop of Designer Brian

Lister—managed at this end by Cunningham and Momo—have the same ungainly-looking bodies they had last year, and it is one of these which boasts the water-cooled brakes. The crack Americans Walt Hansgen and Dick Thompson are likely to drive it. Cunningham himself and the American, Lake Underwood, will probably co-drive the other.

The third Lister-Jaguar comes with

*continued*

## THE SEBRING ENTRIES

NO.	CAR	DRIVERS	CC.	NO.	CAR	DRIVERS	CC.
1	Aston Martin DBR1	Salvadori, Shelby	2,992	34	Porsche	Miles, McAfee	1,498
2	Lister-Jaguar	Moss, Bueb	2,986	36	Porsche	Von Dory, Mieres	1,498
3	Lister-Jaguar	Hansgen, Thompson	2,986	37	Porsche	Erickson, Hugus	1,498
4	Lister-Jaguar	Cunningham, Underwood	2,986	38	OSCA	Campbell, Haas	1,491
5	Maserati	Lawrence, Cook	2,983	39	Cooper	Lucas	1,475
6	Maserati	To be assigned	2,983	40	Lotus Le Mans	Moran, Rand	1,475
7	Ferrari	Hill, Gurney	2,953	41	Alfa Romeo Veloce	VanBeuren, Valesquez	1,390
8	Ferrari	Gendebien, Daigh	2,953	42	Alfa Romeo Veloce	Grossman, Rubin	1,390
9	Ferrari	Behra, Brooks	2,953	43	Alfa Romeo Veloce	Comito, Kramarsky	1,390
10	Ferrari	Geitner, Carveth	2,953	44	Alfa Romeo Veloce	Rainville, Kaplan	1,390
11	Ferrari	P. Rodriguez, O'Shea	2,953	45	Lotus Elite	Chapman, Lovely	1,216
12	Ferrari	Martin, Revettlow	2,953	46	Lotus Elite	Chamberlain, Weiss	1,216
13	Ferrari	Johnston, Lunken	2,953	47	Lotus MK XI	To be assigned	1,096
14	Ferrari GT	Mesa, Fernandez	2,953	48	Elva MK IV	Baptista, Tweedale	1,096
15	Ferrari GT	Reed, Odell	2,953	49	Elva MK IV	Jordan, Dietrich	1,096
16	Aston Martin GT	Sheppard, Forlong	2,992	50	Elva MK IV	Wyllie, Gillespie	1,096
17	Maserati	Hall, Byron	2,500	51	Lancia Appia	Blanchard, Pauley	1,090
18	Ferrari	Canner, Hunt	1,994	52	Lancia Appia	Cronkite, Baumberger	1,090
19	Triumph TR3	Bentley, Samm	1,991	53	Austin-Healey Sprite	Leavens, Kunz	948
20	Triumph TR3	Koth, Moore	1,991	54	Austin-Healey Sprite	Hayes, Christy	948
21	Morgan	Wright, McNeill	1,991	55	Austin-Healey Sprite	Sutherland, Stiles	948
22	AC Bristol	Rix, Rahal	1,971	56	OSCA	R. Rodriguez, Kessler	954
23	AC Bristol	Messing, Weiss	1,971	57	DB	Hanna, Toland	850
24	AC Bristol	Jackman-Moore, Cook	1,971	58	DB	Laurens, Armagnac	750
25	Arnold-Bristol	Arnold, Durbin	1,971	59	DB	Bouhade	750
26	Lotus MK XV	Encwistle, Hanna	1,962	60	OSCA	De Tomaso, De Tomaso	750
27	MG Twin Cam	Seidel, Ehrman	1,588	61	OSCA	Publicker, McKim	749
28	MG Twin Cam	Parkinson, Dalton	1,588	62	Fin-Abarth	Cattrick, Cusino	750
29	MG Twin Cam	Pickering, Flaherty	1,588	63	Fin-Abarth	Petrioneri, Thiele	750
30	Porsche	Maglioli, Hermann	1,587	64	Fin-Abarth	Rutan, Cuomo	750
31	Porsche	Barth, Von Trips	1,498	65	Fin-Abarth	Schrafft	750
32	Porsche Carrera	Von Hanstein, De Beaufort	1,587	66	Stanguellini	MacArthur, Rollason	748
33	Porsche	Sessler, Holbert	1,498				

(Driver pairings subject to change)

## PHIL HILL AND THE COAST CROWD

**P**HILIP TOLL HILL JR., 31, the handsome, high-strung Californian who stands a chance of becoming the first American to win the world driver championship, is an introspective man of forthright and often startling speech. When asked not long ago whether he had any qualms during his drive to victory in heavy rains and high winds last year in the world-famous 24-hour race at Le Mans, he said, "I am always afraid when I race." Why, then, does he race? "Because I do it well."

An overriding passion to do something supremely well, preferably in fast cars, has apparently ruled Phil Hill's life since his boyhood. Son of a longtime postmaster of Santa Monica, Calif. (both his parents

successful even then, but I wasn't grown up enough. It was all tied up with my ego about motor racing. If I had been capable of lowering myself to the point of *learning* how to drive racing cars, I would have arrived much sooner. I needed to believe racing drivers were born, but I had to learn that they must be developed."

By 1934 he had learned well enough to place second in the murderous Pan-American road race. Mindful that there is only one route to the world driver championship—by way of a first-rate European factory connection—Hill knocked on doors but for years was denied real satisfaction. Finally, last year, came three championship-caliber sports

impressive credentials. Britain's Stirling Moss, the finest road racing driver in the world today, will share the wheel with his countryman, Ivor Bueb, twice a winner at Le Mans. The slick new body of improved aerodynamic design (see page 41) is the work of a De Havilland Aircraft man, Frank Costin. It is quite possible that this car will be miles ahead of the field after a couple of hours if Moss starts, because he goes like blazes in races long and short. Whether the car will last in top form is another matter. If it does last year's Ferrari record of 1,940 miles covered in 12 hours is sure to be broken sharply, either by Moss-Bueb or the team they pursue.

In 1958 all the Jaguar-engined entries had destroyed 3.4-liter engines to comply with the then new 3-liter maximum, and they all retired with valve spring ills. This year Jaguar has supplied bored-out 2.4-liter engines for the Lister-Jaguars, and no special difficulties are anticipated.

Aston Martin has had bad luck at Sebring but has entered, at the last moment, one of the six-cylinder, 3-liter, 265-hp cars which have performed beautifully in Europe. Co-drivers Carroll Shelby, the swift Texan, and Roy Salvadori, of England, know the course intimately and have teamed before.

With its 65 entries, its class races along with the over-all race, its long list of drivers and the glamour and prestige that go with a world championship event, Sebring has enough facets to keep car cranks chattering for months. For example, the Italian Umberto Maglioli, sensational winner of the last Pan-American road race in 1954, is due to return to competition after a long absence. He is to co-drive a highly regarded 1.6-liter Porsche. More chatter concerns Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., who bows in at Sebring with an entry of Fiat-Abarths. The gifted Mexican teenagers Ricardo Rodriguez, 17, and his brother Pedro, 19, will make their Sebring debut. Additionally, there will be a cavalcade of 75 fine antique cars at the course on Friday.

For stay-at-homes CBS will broadcast the race action Saturday at 9:55, 11:05, 12:05, 1:05, 6:05, 7:10 and 8:15 (E.S.T.) and the results at 10:15.

On Sunday our hardy migrants will start home, and on Monday they will be snoozing at their desks throughout the land. **END**



DAN GURNEY



CHUCK DAIGH



LANCE REVENTLOW

died in 1950), Hill poked around the family cars as a toddler and, at 9, actually drove an aunt's 1936 Oldsmobile. At 12 he raced a model T Ford on an impromptu quarter-mile track laid out on the family estate of his schoolmate George Hearst, grandson of William Randolph. "I learned a helluva lot about the dynamics of cornering from that old model T," he says.

College days at USC were "a bust"; gropings in the wildly disparate fields of railroading and music revealed "strange blocks." Work as an automobile mechanic rekindled his passion for cars. He plunged avidly into the first postwar road races in California, tried midjet racing and acquired a lasting distaste for speedway driving, and then began, in the early 1950s, to make his name nationally known in sports car racing. "I think," he says, "that I had the latent talent to be more

car triumphs for which this magazine awarded Hill its U.S. Driver of the Year trophy. More important in the long run, he proved in his first full-scale Grandes Epreuves, those races for Formula 1 single-seaters which alone count toward the driving title, that he must be considered a worthy contender for that ultimate achievement.

Along with Hill's spectacular ascension has come a remarkable push on the international scene by three other Californians. Dan Gurney, an obscure club driver 16 months ago, has joined the Ferrari sports car team. Lance Reventlow, having already produced the amazing Scarab sports cars, will launch Scarab single-seaters in European Grandes Epreuves this season, sharing the driving with fellow-Californian Chuck Daigh.

Hill and his contemporaries will make it a rousing year, indeed.





**EXTRA BLOWOUT PROTECTION:** Nylon has lasting strength to guard against blowout. Nylon protects against the four kinds of unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden tire failure: (1) heat, (2) bruising from bumps, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers use nylon cord in their better tires. Why risk a dangerous blowout? Have your tires checked regularly. And whenever you need new tires, be sure they're made with nylon cord!

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH

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LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON THE SIDEWALL.  
Enjoy the "DU PONT SHOW OF THE MONTH" on CBS-TV.



WHILE TYRES FOR BETTER SAFETY AND PERFORMANCE

## Rough road to Louisville

**With no team a real favorite, the NCAA tournament promises the tightest kind of competition right from the start**

GEOGRAPHY determines championships," is the succinct summing-up by La Salle's wise old warrior, Coach Duddy Moore, of the prevailing view in basketball circles that a team playing on its home court has an incalculable advantage. After Kentucky won the NCAA title last year, playing all tournament games either in Lexington or Louisville, this theory was cited by partisans of other teams as the prime reason for the Wildcats' victory.

Well, the correctness of Moore's general thesis has been demonstrated too often to be doubted, but it also cannot be doubted that Kentucky was the best team in Louisville last year and would have been the best in Dallas or New Delhi. And this year,

no team will have a home-court edge. North Carolina, with eight of 12 players from the New York City area, opened the tournament earlier this week in Madison Square Garden, but anyone who wants to make a home-court case of this is welcome to the task.

Starting with the quarter-finals this weekend, all games will be played on neutral courts, and the task of picking a probable winner is also unwelcome in most sensible quarters. For the fact is, no team stands out.

Kansas State, with the best record (23-1) and a tall, veteran crew, should rate top preference, except for one key psychological factor that is always an important consideration in tournament play. Most of this year's

Statens made the trip to Louisville last year, and disappointed everyone with two games (against Seattle and Temple) in which they played the poorest basketball they displayed all season. Coach Tex Winter has to remove this nightmare from the memories of his players.

One expert at this sort of thing, possibly the best coach anywhere in the area of psychology, is Michigan State's Freddy Anderson. Two years ago Anderson brought a group of unheralded, green youngsters to the NCAA tournament. Playing as if they had been living on benzadrine, the Spartans tore through the early rounds, against all contrary predictions, and it took a triple-overtime loss to the eventual champion, North Carolina, to eliminate them. Two veterans of that team, the great rebounder Johnny Green and the high-scoring Bob Anderson, are still with Anderson. They lead a poised, tenacious club that is lacking only in size, and they must be rated highly.

Psychological factors also influence consideration of North Carolina. The Tar Heels may be the best-balanced team in the nation (see page 52). They have great natural talent and much old-fashioned savvy. And yet, the quality which has hitherto been the hallmark of teams coached by Carolina's Frank McGuire—poise—is apparently missing. One night Lee Shaffer, Doug Moe, Harvey Selz and York Larose look like pros; the next, they appear listless. Yet a team of such potential cannot be counted out.

And who would care to eliminate a club coached by the old master, Adolph Rupp—especially since it boasts one of the country's best outside shots in Johnny Cox and probably the slickest sophomore in Bill Lickert. Sound in fundamentals, as usual, tough on the boards, Kentucky does not need to play at Lexington to be a threat in this tournament.

Whether Cincinnati or Bradley goes to the Midwest Regionals at

*continued*

**UNDER AND UP,** North Carolina's Lee Shaffer (12) tries to slip layup past Duke's Carroll Youngkin (23) and Jack Boyd. Tar Heels won to earn their tournament berth.





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Lawrence is immaterial; either should move on to the quarter-final round. There, either would have trouble with Kansas State. Cincinnati, even with the truly great Oscar Robertson, was no one-man team this season, and one of the best of the Bearcats was Mike Mendenhall, a fine shooter and strong defensive man. But Mike is ineligible for the tournament because he played all of 16 minutes during the 1955-56 season; Cincinnati will miss him sorely. Bradley's good ball handlers and accurate shooters do not appear strong enough on the boards

to beat tall and rugged Kansas State.

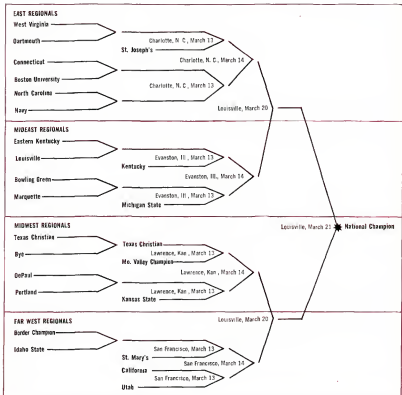
All other teams must be considered darkhorse entries. West Virginia still has to display tournament-level ability; Dartmouth's three straight road losses to non-Ivy opponents dispelled earlier notions of its strength; Marquette has learned much from a year under Ed Hickey, but it takes a longer period to produce a champion.

In this group, however, St. Joseph's, California and St. Mary's deserve a bit more respect. The defensive records of both West Coast clubs are, of course, questionable, since practically all teams there play a deliberate, low-scoring game. St. Mary's can

rebound and Cal can shoot with the best; but both have serious deficiencies elsewhere on offense. St. Joseph's has the size and all-round ability to surprise many good opponents, but every bracket in this tournament is tough, and the competition in Charlotte will pit the Hawks against a team that almost certainly will be out of their class.

By next weekend, only four of the 23 teams starting in the tournament will survive. All four of them will have been lucky, as well as good. **END**

FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S CHOICE  
OF THE TOP 25, TURN TO PAGE 52



**PATH TO TITLE** In this 21st annual NCAA tournament ends in Louisville the night of March 21. For a permanent record, clip

the above draw and add scores as each game is played. Or, try writing in the winners ahead of time. But keep an eraser handy.



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NEW "Breakfast of Champions"

## THE NATION'S TOP 20 COLLEGE TEAMS

*If they all played in the same conference, they might finish in the order below*

<b>KANSAS STATE</b> Big Eight W 23, L 1  Coach Winter	<p>Rooney, averaging 25 points, one of nation's best. Over-all shooting percentage (.384) just fair, however. Tough under pressure, the Wildcats have won half a dozen games by three points or less.</p> <p><b>Bob Booser</b></p>		<b>WEST VIRGINIA</b> Southeast W 21, L 4  Coach Schaefer	<p>Third-best in total offense, with five shooting percentage of .462. West stands out in every department, has 35.6 scoring average. Loose defense is the big weakness. Won 18 of final 19 games.</p> <p><b>Jerry West</b></p>	
<b>MICHIGAN STATE</b> Big Ten W 18, L 2  Coach Anderson	<p>Great board control by Green, Walter and Anderson is key to strength of team which shoots poorly from floor and foul line and fields no player over 6 foot 5. Bench is adequate, but defense some.</p> <p><b>John Green</b></p>		<b>NORTHWESTERN</b> Big Ten W 15, L 7  Coach Rohr	<p>Poor defense and rebounding lapse at midseason marred record. Good overall size and speed kept team close to the leaders in offense. Redlick an excellent hook shooter, with a 22-point average.</p> <p><b>Joe Redlick</b></p>	
<b>NORTH CAROLINA</b> Atlantic Coast W 20, L 4  Coach McDwire	<p>Probably best-balanced team in the country. All starters wearing in double figures, shooting over .400, and pulling down more than 100 rebounds. Latest tips in point production and accuracy.</p> <p><b>York Larese</b></p>		<b>ST. JOSEPH'S</b> Mid-Atlantic W 22, L 2  Coach Ramsey	<p>Finished the season with 12 consecutive victories and better than 80 points per game. Starters average 6 feet 4, rebound well, McNeill leading scorer (17.5) and also a first-break playmaker.</p> <p><b>Bob McNeill</b></p>	
<b>KENTUCKY</b> Southeastern W 20, L 2  Coach Rupp	<p>Balanced scoring, strong bench and Cox's shooting and rebounding are assets Rupp brings to NCAA title defense. Kentucky always rough on boards, and this club upholds the tradition.</p> <p><b>John Cox</b></p>		<b>CALIFORNIA</b> Pacific Coast W 21, L 4  Coach Newell	<p>Nation's best defensive team, though in low-scoring, ball-control territory. Inhofe top rebounder, others generally poor on boards. Bush, Fitzpatrick form a strong, good-shooting backcourt combination.</p> <p><b>Gerrill Inhofe</b></p>	
<b>CINCINNATI</b> Midwest Valley W 22, L 2  Coach Smith	<p>Second in field-goal accuracy and points per game, with Robertson nation's top scorer. Lack standout big man and balance in rebounding department. Fine guard, Meadenhill, is ineligible for NCAA tournament.</p> <p><b>Oscar Robertson</b></p>		<b>ST. MARY'S</b> West Coast W 18, L 5  Coach Weaver	<p>Deliberate offense does not match effectiveness of sticks, man-to-man defense chiefly because of poor shooting. Rugged Meschery is one of nation's best rebounders. Does it top scorer with 16.4 average.</p> <p><b>Tom Meschery</b></p>	
<b>MISSISSIPPI STATE</b> Southeastern W 21, L 1  Coach McCarthy	<p>Among nation's leaders in defense, shooting and rebounding. Howell is fourth in scoring, second on boards. Team margin over all opponents is 303 rebounds and close to 400 points for season.</p> <p><b>Bailey Howell</b></p>		<b>TCU</b> Southwest W 19, L 5  Coach Brannon	<p>Tall, all-Texas, all-junior starters are strong on boards, led by 6-foot-10 Kirschner, who is conference top scorer with 29.4 per game. Team lacks adequate speed and agility; shooting is very erratic.</p> <p><b>H. E. Kirschner</b></p>	
<b>BRADLEY</b> Midwest Valley W 23, L 3  Coach Graborn	<p>Speed, good ball handling and accurate shooting offset lack of big man and barely adequate rebounding. Four of balanced first five hitting in double figures. McVade best on boards and averaged 12 points.</p> <p><b>Joe Billy McVade</b></p>		<b>WASHINGTON</b> Pacific Coast W 18, L 8  Coach Dye	<p>Boardwork by big (6-foot-5 average) starting five is key asset, weak bench the major drawback. Smart drives well, leads in accuracy (.518), scoring and rebounding. Defense among the nation's best.</p> <p><b>Doug Smart</b></p>	
<b>N. CAROLINA STATE</b> Atlantic Coast W 22, L 4  Coach Cole	<p>Fine first five led by high-scoring, strong-rebounding Rickett and sleek playmaker Puccio, but are short on reserve strength. Use variety of team-oriented defenses with exceptional skill.</p> <p><b>John Rickett</b></p>		<b>MARQUETTE</b> Independent W 22, L 4  Coach Mickey	<p>Team strategy is built around rebounding of jumping Jacks Mannheim and Kays and feeding to high-scoring Moran in low post. Superb job by Mickey in his first year, despite an extremely weak bench.</p> <p><b>Mike Moran</b></p>	
<b>AUBURN</b> Southeastern W 20, L 2  Coach Ewell	<p>Good defense and the best field-goal percentage among major colleges helped compensate for only fair rebounding. Lee top scorer with 18.1 average. All starters shooting better than .420 from floor.</p> <p><b>Jimmy Lee</b></p>		<b>OKLAHOMA CITY</b> Independent W 20, L 5  Coach Longas	<p>Third-best shooter in the nation, led by McCraw, hitting at .548 clip, with Moore close behind at .540. Biggest weakness is mediocre rebounding; opponents outdid the Chiefs in this category.</p> <p><b>Ed McCraw</b></p>	
<b>ST. LOUIS</b> Missouri Valley W 26, L 4  Coach Bennington	<p>Tall, strong combination of powerful rebounders who often tip in shots that have rained. Perry (21-point average) hooks, shoots well. A bit slower than traditional Billiken crews, but control boards.</p> <p><b>Bob Perry</b></p>		<b>UTAH</b> Skyline W 21, L 5  Coach Gardner	<p>Well-balanced, single-post attack features seven good scorers, with Folsberg tops. Strong rebounding and tight defense help make up for lack of real speed, usually one of Utah's strong points.</p> <p><b>Paul Folsberg</b></p>	



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## Tip from the Top

**The feel of the clubhead**

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When I go to open championships, I frequently hear people say, "Well, I've learned one thing. No two of the players swing the same way." But they do. Each swing is truly built on feel. How do you build feel? There is only one way: through mastering the fundamentals of the golf swing. (Unless you work on the fundamentals and keep going back to them, you will develop on an oblique, and develop wrong.) When you develop a sound swing, you create for yourself a benevolent cycle: the sense of how you want to swing helps you to get set up right and this in turn helps you to perform your swing well. You have to be set up correctly to get feel. The finest players are those who are able to get set up time and time again in a position which produces the same feel every time.

Ben Hogan helped me immeasurably by making me put my left hand straighter on the club. I had thought it was impossible. What fortifying this fundamental did for me was to put my feel less in my grip and more in the clubhead, and it strengthened my whole swing.

**Regular practice is the best of all  
methods for gaining clubhead feel**



**NEXT WEEK:** Joe Payne on contacting the ball with the putter



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## What to do with a fifth

**A game called 'Chicago' has finally solved bridge's two most vexing problems—the fifth player and the interminable rubber**

NEXT TIME you shop for bridge score pads, you may observe that some are printed with a big X at the top. This X marks the spot where the problem of what to do with the fifth player can be forever buried. Its purpose is to help keep score in "Chicago," or four-deal bridge.

The interminable rubber is one of the most vexing problems in the game. With five or six players cutting in and out, that long, long rubber always seems to come up when you are out. With only four in the game, it never fails to come along when you are playing that proverbial "last rubber." Result: You get home late for dinner or lose an extra hour of sleep, depending on when you play.

Chicago solves this with rounds of exactly four deals instead of rubbers. Each player gets one chance to deal. (Passed-out hands, however, are redealt by the same player.) When four deals are completed, you change partners. When you cut the worst player, you know you'll soon escape. The fifth player never sits out more than four deals. And the last rubber never lasts more than four deals.

In those four deals, however, a lot can happen, because bonuses are earned for each game instead of for a rubber and because vulnerability depends on which deal is being played, not on having already scored a game. Chicago is faster and about one-third bigger in points won and lost than the usual rubber game.

The mechanics is simple. On the first deal, neither side is vulnerable; on the second and third hands only the dealer's side is vulnerable; on the last hand both sides are vulnerable. Game is worth a 300-point bonus when not vulnerable, 500 points

when vulnerable. Slam and penalty scores are the same as at rubber bridge. Except on the fourth deal, part scores are also the same; they win no bonus but carry over toward making the game on ensuing deals—unless wiped out by a subsequent game make.

The exception for the fourth deal is a 100-point bonus for a part score bid and made on that hand. Obviously, this affects basic strategy. It does not pay to bid a questionable game on the last hand because, assuming that you bid four spades on a hand where you could make three, you have lost 290 points for a chance to gain 400. You lose 90 for tricks and 100 for the bonus you could have made, plus 100 for being set. And if you happen to run into a bad break and are doubled, the loss may be far greater.

However, boldness is equally in order under some conditions. For example, here's a hand from a recent game at Pittsburgh's Concordia Club.

North-South vulnerable		NORTH	
		♠ A 6 5	
		♥ Q 10 7 5	
		♦ K J 8 2	
		♣ J 4	
South dealer			
WEST	♠ J 10 9 5 7 3 2	EAST	—
♥ 8 6 3 2		♦ K 5	
—		♠ A Q 9 8 5 4	
♣ 5 3		♥ A Q 10 9 7	
		SOUTH	
		♠ A Q 4	
		♥ A J 4	
		♦ 10 7 3	
		♣ N 6 2	
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♦	PASS
1 N.T.	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: spade jack.

North and South were Arnold Levine and Harold Solof, who tied for first place in the Masters Pairs championship when the Summer Nationals were played in Pittsburgh in 1957.

This deal was the second of a Chicago set, and so Solof, in the South position, had ♠ on his score pad to indicate that his right-hand opponent had dealt the previous hand.

This meant that Solof and his partner were now vulnerable.

Solof's excuse for bidding three no trump with the South hand was partly based on the fact that his side was vulnerable but would be not vulnerable on the next deal. In other words, a game contract now would earn a bonus of 500 points, while a part score, if made, would carry over toward a game worth only 300. There are rather obvious fallacies in this sort of reasoning, but mathematically speaking it was a sporty effort on Solof's part, and the result was a happy one for him.

Dummy's spade king took West's jack to win the first trick. A low heart lead permitted a successful finesse of declarer's jack, and the appearance of East's 9 on this trick led Solof to a hopeful reconstruction of East's hand. His double not only marked him for the missing high cards, it also demanded a diamond lead. West's failure to comply must mean that he did not have one to lead. South played the ace of hearts, dropped East's king—and the picture was complete. East had started with six diamonds and five clubs, and was about to end with a headache.

However, any attempt by South to establish a diamond trick by force would doom him to defeat. East would win, return the ace and queen of clubs and, when he got back on lead with the high diamond, would have enough good clubs to beat the contract. Realizing this, South cashed two good spades and led to dummy's

queen of hearts. East ran out of expendable discards. Reduced to the ace-queen of diamonds and his five clubs, he had to part with a club when dummy's heart 10 hit the table.

Declarer delivered the knockout by leading dummy's jack of clubs. After making his club king, South plowed East back with a club, forcing him to surrender the game-going trick to dummy's king of diamonds.

The four-deal game takes its name from its birthplace. Bob Halpin and Walter Jacobs, two of the Midwest's contract stars, pinpoint its origin at Chicago's Standard Club, where bridge games frequently included from five to seven players. Discussing the problem one night, they decided to borrow the "progressive" type of scoring popular in the ladies' party-for-prizes afternoons. Word spread that this new game had something. Try it yourself and you'll soon discover that indeed it has.

#### EXTRA TRICK

Winning rubber-bridge tactics will need a few slight modifications to meet the new situations introduced by the four-deal game. For example, extra conservatism in bidding for game on the fourth deal has already been recommended.

The redeal of a passed-out hand by the same dealer creates a strategic situation that alters the requirements for both third- and fourth-position bids on the second and third deals. The vulnerable player should not open lightly in third position. The better strategy is to pass unless this player's holding is good enough to offer a chance for game opposite a passing partner. If the hand is redealt, his side retains the 500 to 300 advantage in the value of a game had and made. Correspondingly, the player in fourth position will open lighter than usual in order to escape that disadvantage.

Sacrifice bidding is meticulously rewarded or punished. Paying more than 300 points to save a non-vulnerable game will show a loss because allowing the opponents to make game does not affect their vulnerability on the next deal, as it would in rubber bridge. Similarly, a 500-point sacrifice against a vulnerable game shows a clear profit, whereas in rubber bridge such a sacrifice by a nonvulnerable side still leaves the opponents 2-to-1 favorites to win the rubber.

END



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# Tampa Bay: fun for all ages

**A sailor turned tourist finds an amazing range of sports in this sun-filled place where land and sea are intertwined**

SCATTERED here and there about planet earth are areas apparently created by a beneficent Providence especially for the small-boat sailor. These combine wide yet sheltered waters for racing and cruising, hidden creeks for gunk-holing, reliable breezes of moderate intensity and, usually, virtually unending sunshine. Such is the Tampa Bay area.

But this is only part of the story. For St. Petersburg, geographically and culturally the center of the area, is more than a waterman's paradise of purest ray serene, or even the basking place for octogenarians and proving ground for the science of geriatrics that it is generally known to be. In fact, a single brief stroll along Bayshore Drive will reveal one of the most amazing ranges of contrasts known to sport.

To the south, an airfield juts into Tampa Bay. Its unobstructed approaches, central location, pleasant surroundings and lack of commercial activity make it perfect for private flying. Across the street from the northern boundary is a softball diamond maintained by the city, the outfield putting-green smooth. Here the redoubtable Kids take on the cavorting Kuhs twice a week, a contest somewhat unusual because players, in order to qualify, must have passed their 74th birthday.

Down the third-base foul line and across the drive is a launching ramp for outboards and small sailing craft, from which on a warm midwinter afternoon fans a procession of water skiers, fishermen and just plain messers-about-in-boats.

Next in order is Al Lang Field, where the brawny stalwarts of the St. Louis Cardinals shag flies and try for the fences through the spring-training and exhibition season, and the New York Yankees play exhibition games. Yet a high foul clearing the stands

behind the plate could almost land among the shuffleboard players and horseshoe pitchers of the Sunshine Pleasure Club, perhaps even upsetting a fast game of checkers or whist at tables under the palms.

And then comes the St. Petersburg Yacht Club, one of the most active sailing organizations in America, with its own fleet of ocean racers perhaps expanded by entries in the annual jaunt across the Gulf of Mexico and Gulf Stream to Havana.

All this within a half mile!

"Sure," said a local acquaintance, "we have the old folks here in St. Pete. You see 'em sitting on the benches along Central Avenue and in the parks, and you'll find wheelchair ramps on every corner in the business district, but they're pretty well concentrated. Just go around with your eyes open and see what you see."

## AN AMAZING IMPRESSION

And I did on my most recent visit, and came away with a most amazing impression: nowhere are more people of all conditions and ages doing more things outdoors, or having more pleasure in the process. Or, for that matter, being more friendly.

In order to appreciate the area some geographic comprehension is required but, unfortunately, it is not easy to define, nor is there a handy label. The "Mangrove Coast" some call it, from the trees which line the shore anywhere that man has not fought the battle with nature; much of the coastal land is the work of this tough salt-water growth, whose intertwining roots caught and held drifting sand, gradually building up above the high-water mark, until birds and vegetation could add humus. The chamber of commerce tag is the "Sun-coast," differentiating it from the "Goldcoast" across the peninsula—itsself a rather revealing distinction.

To me, although the vaguely heart-shaped Tampa Bay is the heart of the section, as an entity it extends from Tarpon Springs on the north to the Manatee River ports of Palmetto and Bradenton on the south; from the fringing islands along the Gulf of Mexico on the west to the shoal, mangrove-lined creeks of Hillsboro Bay to the east. It is low, flat country, nowhere many feet above the highest spring tides, tending to be bare except where cultivated. In some respects it resembles the ridge country of northern Florida; there are oaks festooned with trailing Spanish moss, and stands of pine trees almost like Alabama and Georgia. But also it combines the vegetation of the Everglades and southernmost peninsula. There are palms and casuarinas, flowering hibiscus and gardenia and saw grass—and the ever-present mangrove. Everywhere there are vistas of water, so that it is hard to say whether it is water bounded by land or land encompassed by water. Off the main bay are lesser bays and rivers, behind the coastal islands are long narrow sounds, off the sounds are bayous, and these end in innumerable trailing fingers.

Even on a chart it looks inviting. "Nineteen years ago I lived in Indianapolis," mused Doc Jennings one noon at the St. Petersburg Yacht Club. "I had an old 42-foot schooner, a small practice, mighty little money and a new wife. I sailed Lake Michigan when I could. But I wanted to live close to the water and sail all year round. I had never been to Florida but, anyway, I bought the Coast and Geodetic Survey charts and studied them. Tampa Bay looked best of all. Then my wife became pregnant. It was a case of getting away then or never. So in November of 1940 we loaded aboard the schooner and came down the Mississippi and across the gulf. We found just what we wanted."

"And tell about your Johnny," suggested Vice Commodore Dick Winning.





**TAMPA BAY AREA**, from Bradenton in the south to Tarpon Springs in the north, encompasses a vast amount of variegated water in the form of bays, bayous, rivers and sounds. Studded with yacht clubs, it has also gathered to itself ball clubs and ball parks, beaches and bridges where the fishing is bountiful and free, and innumerable other sports facilities ranging from a jai alai *frontera* to shuffleboard courts.

Doc grinned. "He didn't have much choice; he had to be a sailor. He came up through the Junior program and last year won the National Thistle Class Championship."

Common to the area is a tremendous interest in developing young sailors. The first steps of toddlers are toward the water, to grasp a fishing pole as natural to youngsters as the Babinski reflex, jib sheets are used for teething, and in many families the Optimist Pram has been substituted for a cradle.

Clark Mills developed the Optimist

Pram in a tree-shaded little boat-yard overlooking Clearwater Bay. He arrived from Michigan aged 2, and, in his words: "I don't know anything different from Florida—I'm a Cracker." But he knows and loves boats—and kids. "Bout 10 years ago a couple fellers from the Optimist Club asked me to dope out somethin' cheap for young'uns. I worked up an 8-foot job of plywood carrying 35 square feet of sail that anybody could build complete for around a hundred bucks, and these guys with the gift of gab sold 'em to the merchants

in town. Either his kid or someone else's sailed the boat, and the feller who paid had the privilege of painting the name of his store on the side. If that gave kids a chance to get out on the water, I was for it, except it got so I was messing with 'em more than making a livin'. So I gave away the plans."

Now Optimist Prams with and without names of sponsors number in the hundreds and, while through the efforts of the original organization they have spread throughout the United States and even abroad, they have remained as indigenous to the area as schooling mullet and diving pelicans.

The program of the St. Petersburg Yacht Club could well be a model for the country. Juniors have their own clubhouse and organization, from commodore to race committee. Except for a director-instructor paid by the parent organization, the youngsters are on their own. Children of members may join free—if passed by the Junior board of directors—and outsiders may qualify for \$16 a year. This sum allows any interested boy or girl the opportunity of sailing a club-owned boat every day of the year. Between 9 and 15 years Prams are used, but older Juniors have at their disposal a fleet of nine Fish class sloops, venerable but reliable gaff-rigged vessels identical to those on which I raced many years ago at the Southern Yacht Club in New Orleans; or, if their parents are indulgent, their own boats in the hotter modern classes—Thistles, Flying Dutchmen, Jet 14s or Lightnings. The important point is that any aspiring youngster can sail.

#### SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The vital thing about the area is enjoyment of life and living. And there seems to be something for everybody all up and down the economic scale. For instance, since each of the countless waterways must be crossed by man-made structures, the sport of "bridge-fishing" has reached its greatest development. Almost every bridge over a tidal pass has its fishermen—and women—virtually around the clock. The Sunshine Skyway, spanning lower Tampa Bay and linking the St. Petersburg peninsula with the southern coastal cities, is sometimes called "the world's largest fishing hole." On a Sunday hundreds of anglers will line the lower

continued

approaches, standing almost shoulder to shoulder—and, what is more, catching fish. In the winter months speckled trout, grouper, bluefish, sheephead, flounders and an occasional mackerel are to be had; in the summer most of these, plus channel bass, cobia, king mackerel, drumfish, amherjack and even an errant shark.

In addition to the bridges over the longer open stretches of water are the causeways, where a ribbon of land has been pumped up from the bottom. The road runs down the center, but off to both sides is an almost continuous shelving beach of hard white sand. Automobiles can drive to the water's edge almost anywhere along the three main roads spanning Tampa Bay proper and the numerous lesser causeways leading to the "beaches"—the offshore fringing islands. Picnic baskets are opened, the smaller children splash in the shallows, mama swims, junior launches the outboard and takes sister waterskiing, papa begins hopefully casting into deeper water, grandma wades and looks for shells, so everybody is having fun on the water except grandpa—who is back in St. Pete playing ball.

While every form of floating contrivance is to be seen, the outboard-powered boat is almost universal. Red Marston, outdoor editor of the *St. Petersburg Times*, estimates one out of three houses in Manatee County has an outboard rig on a trailer in the side yard, ready to take off at a moment's notice. The only argument I heard called his estimate low. With launching ramps almost everywhere—either natural or man-made, often provided by the towns—there is as much reason to own a boat as a car. In fact, one is almost an extension of the usefulness of the other.

For those anglers who prefer open water there are many vessels available for charter, either large party boats which take out passengers on a per head basis for a day, anchored over a likely hole, or sport fishermen for individual charter. In summer the whole of Tampa Bay awarms with tarpon; during the last Annual Round-Up in June more than 300 were entered for prizes. Recently sailfish have been added to the list of finned quarry, having been located 12 to 15 miles offshore in the Gulf of Mexico.

The greatest battle of the fisherman is against the real-estate devel-



CLARK MILLS put youngsters under sail when he developed sturdy Optimist Pram.

oper, who buys bottom land from the state, fills it and sells lots to those who came to visit but decided to stay. Every fill not only decreases the navigable area but destroys a shallow nursery ground for small fish. To counteract this, artificial reefs are being established. One was created by sinking a derelict cruiser near an already sunken barge, and adding a couple of automobile bodies. "Right away little fish moved in," said Red Marston, "and soon the big ones followed: grouper, amherjack, cobia and then barracuda and shark—the whole range of nature duplicated simply by giving the fry a chance to develop." Recently Tampa sportsmen, at their own expense, dumped 60 automobile bodies in the lower bay off the ship channel, and now maintain a buoy. It is hoped this will encourage state projects of a similar nature, along with a tighter policy on allowing fills.

#### WORK—AND LIVE

The Tampa-St. Petersburg-Clearwater triangle claims to be the fastest-growing section of Florida, a state whose population is expanding at an estimated 533 new faces a day. Business is flourishing, with no labor problem. "Put industry where people want to live," is the motto of local boosters, who see the Mangrove Coast becoming the Los Angeles of the East, with heavy industry developing around the deep-water ports of Tampa and light industry nearer St. Petersburg, which has an avowed aversion to belching chimneys. A newly arrived company in a highly competitive program requiring scarce engineers was flooded

with applications from all over the United States.

The desire of people to live in the area has interesting sidelights. Unfortunately, in common with the rest of Florida, there are parts where uglification seems to have been pursued as deliberately as a scorched earth policy. Garish motels, neon signs, drive-in restaurants, filling stations, curio shops, cey tearooms and concrete-block architecture in a dreary procession assaunt the traveler. Gidge Gandy, patriarch of Tampa Bay yachtsmen, said in bewailing the cutting-down of mangrove trees to make room for housing developments, "Man has never built anything pretty except a boat." This is, perhaps, an extreme viewpoint, and many residential areas—especially those bordering the lagoons of the offshore islands—are beautiful by any standards, with attractive and elaborate homes set in carefully manicured lawns and tropical shrubbery.

The trailer camp, too, has reached its ultimate flowering here. They exist by scores, reflecting every social and economic stratum. Some are veritable little cities, with all facilities. One of the most elaborate is the Lakeside Trailer Park on the gulf to Bay Highway near Clearwater. It is divided into streets, with numbered lots and mailboxes. Gone are the "tin-can tourists" of early trailering, at least in such establishments. The mobile homes have become immobile monsters, up to 50 feet long and 12 feet wide, wheels removed and permanently set into cement. They run to trellised porches and "Florida rooms," aluminum prefabricated lean-tos with tile flooring and jalousied windows. In one of these I glimpsed a maid in a starched white uniform busily arranging flowers.

Another corollary of so many people desiring to settle down is that the visitor has little feeling of being a tourist. Even waitresses, bartenders, motel operators and their usually omnivorous ilk have the attitude, "He may be living here like us someday." Friendliness and a wish to please seem universal and genuine. A tip is appreciated as a reciprocal gesture instead of divine right, nor does expectation of a reward seem to be the governing factor in service. Enthusiasm for the local scene also results in an extraordinary number of do-gooder and booster organizations, as evidenced by clusters of signs on many town approaches.

In this setting of basic American virtues it is somewhat surprising to find two entirely different cultures. Although both have adopted many of the traits of the neighboring communities, Tarpon Springs is thoroughly Greek and Ybor City as Spanish as Havana. In both, the mother tongue prevails, along with old country customs and cuisine.

Tarpon Springs mushroomed forth around 1905, when Greek sponge divers were introduced to work the beds of the Gulf of Mexico. With them came the design of the caiques, the high-hulled Greek vessels which had changed little through the centuries and which still line the quays. To dine at Pappas Restaurant is to pay a visit to Hellas. In it, looking out at the harbor and anchored fleet almost as in a Mediterranean village, I had one of the finest lunches of a lifetime. First, a combination of all the appetizers on the menu: Feta, a crumbly-textured, mild yet tangy white cheese; Calamata olives, small and jet-black, as wrinkled as any prune; Salonika peppers, tiny and green, more aromatic than incandescent (these all imported from Greece); plus local shrimp, celery and scallions. And, as the main course, a specialty of the house, Louis Pappas' Famous Greek Salad (price: \$1.25). This imposing edifice is built of lettuce, slices of avocado, heeta, celery, tomatoes, roka (a Greek species of watercress grown locally from imported seeds), green pepper, radishes, cucumbers and scallions. Based on a mound of potato salad, it is topped by strips of anchovy, Calamata olives and Feta cheese. "You should see a big salad," said the waitress at my exclamation when it arrived. "The chef makes them in one bowl for four or six or even 10 people."

Pappas has been discovered, as a glance at the clientele will reveal. Those who wish to visit a Greek fisherman's haunt which, at this writing, is still completely out of the orbit of visiting schoolteachers will find the Nick Lazaros Kavoulis coffee shop three blocks from the harbor on Athens Street. At tables scattered about a bare board floor men play cards, or gossip, or stare at the kerosene stove or through the wide doors into the sunshine. Paintings of ships—square-rigged vessels mostly but one sailing sponger—line the walls. Gay painted bulls are bright against sky and sea improbably blue, blue even than the oldest remember the Aegean. The

only thing sold is coffee. In a booth at the rear of the big room a kettle steams constantly. It rests in a thick iron frying pan filled with sand. When a customer appears, the proprietress puts finely ground coffee into a tiny brass pot, tall and slim, punched in at the center almost like an hourglass. Filling it from the kettle and holding it by a long brass handle, she works it down and around in the sand until it begins to bubble and froth. During the entire process, only four English words are spoken: "Sweet or medium sweet?" The coffee is served in small white cups. As you drink, the thick brew leaves a dark, foamy ring around the inside, and black stains appear outside where drops run down. You sip, and time and the outer world of waving palms and neon signs becomes remote. For the 10¢ you have paid for the coffee you may remain as long as you desire. Here, in the Old World

tradition, hurry has not penetrated.

The same is not true in Ybor City. Not only does the Latin temperament effervesce, but the two principal establishments—Las Novedades and Columbia, which bills itself as "The gem of Spanish restaurants"—are real production lines. The former can accommodate 1,000 patrons, the latter twice as many. Both are a maze of rooms opening into each other, all decorated in the true Spanish manner. The food is as authentic as the atmosphere.

Prices are in keeping with everything else in the area. "We must depend on our local patrons," explained Manuel Garcia Jr., owner of Las Novedades. "We can't raise prices a nickel for visitors without losing regular customers."

Ybor City was founded when Havana workers were lured across the

rebound



YOUNGSTERS SPLASH IN THE SHALLOWS WHILE OPTIMIST PRAMS GLIDE BY OFFSHORE

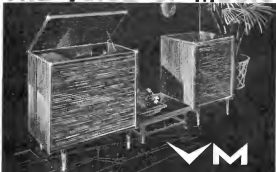


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Gulf Stream in an effort to break the Cuban monopoly on cigars. In its earliest days it was an outlying and separate entity, but now its streets link indistinguishably with the parent metropolis, Tampa. However, the city exists in fact as well as name, a topping of queso español on a community as American as apple pie. For, in many ways, Tampa is less Florida-modern than any other city in the area, perhaps because it is older as well as less dependent on pleasing tourists. Many tree-shaded residential streets could exist in any section of the country. Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders embarked for San Juan Hill from Port Tampa, which has long been a thriving commercial port, backed by industry.

### A BAY FOR A FLEET OF FLEETS

Tampa Bay has known much history. There is some evidence it was visited by Amerigo Vespucci in 1498, 14 years before the generally accepted date for the discovery of Florida by Juan Ponce de Leon in 1512. It has been furrowed by keels down the centuries, from Indian canoe through the entire gamut of the age of sail—high-sterned treasure galleons, frigates bristling with cannon, swift topsail schooners manned by bearded desperadoes, towering clippers from the trade routes of the world. And in their ghostly wakes sails the modern fleet, and the life of the area still centers on the body of water "where the Adelantado Hernando de Soto landed and owing to its extent there can enter a fleet of fleets," as Governor Olivera wrote the king of Spain in 1612.

Today the "fleet of fleets" is likely to be the gathering of yachts from all over the U.S.—this year there are entries from California and the Great Lakes as well as the entire Atlantic seaboard—participating in the race to Havana. The 284-mile event is the longest of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference and also the oldest, stemming from 1930 when Gidge Gandy declared his 34-foot ketch *Cynosure* could best Lew McMasters' 32-foot Sea Bird yawl *Marlex II* to Morro Castle. It ceased to be a private duel when the St. Petersburg Yacht Club undertook sponsorship and started a fleet of nine vessels. Since then, it has been sailed annually, except the war years of 1942 through 1945. In one way it is unique: the first 17 miles

of the course are in Tampa Bay, and the Municipal Pier, the boe-  
dering shore to Pinellas Point and  
the Sunshine Skyway become a vast  
grandstand. No ocean race is seen by  
more spectators.

I must confess having a soft spot  
in my heart for Tampa Bay in gener-  
al and the St. Petersburg Yacht Club  
in particular. Not only have I had  
more than my share of luck on several  
recent jaunts to Havana, but here I  
sailed my very first race many more  
years ago than I care to count. I not  
only originally experienced the ten-  
sion of a close start and the taste of  
salt spray in these historic waters,  
but was introduced to the awesome  
speech employed by seafaring men,  
being enjoined as part of the crew in  
no uncertain terms by Skipper Gidge  
Gandy to place my nether extremi-  
ties—ischial tuberosities, in the more  
graceful language of De Maupassant  
—farther to windward and farther  
forward. A good lesson, which I have  
never forgotten.

#### BUSIEST OF YACHT CLUBS

The St. Petersburg Yacht Club is  
a large organization by any standards,  
with 1,750 active members, a wait-  
ing list of 200 (arriving boat owners  
automatically go to the top of the  
list) and 11 Juniors. Although there  
are now more nonsailing than sailing  
people on the roster, the salty set  
consoles itself by the budget pro-  
vided. Last year a whopping \$44,504  
was spent directly on yachting, not  
counting the entertainment of visit-  
ing sailors at cocktail parties and the  
like. I doubt if any club in the U.S.  
can match these figures. And sailing  
goes on year round. As Lew McMas-  
ters says, "We try to give the man  
with a boat a chance to use it." Small  
classes have almost continuous racing.  
From August to April there is a mini-  
ature of the Southern Circuit for local  
ocean races between various ports  
in the bay and gulf. Since Tampa  
Bay is the largest body of landlocked  
salt water south of Pamlico Sound  
(200 square nautical miles, 88% of  
which is deeper than 6 feet) and en-  
joys an average wind velocity of 7.3  
knots, to say nothing of such unbro-  
ken sunshine that one of the local pa-  
pers gives away an edition free when  
the sun fails to appear, it can truly  
be called an almost ideal area for  
sailing.

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monopoly. The Davis Island Yacht  
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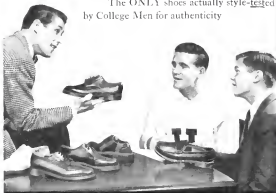
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## TAMPA BAY

Club at Tampa is extremely active. I looked in just as the Mid-Winter Flying Dutchman Championships had been concluded, with a Mangrove Coast skipper taking the top prize. It is a small but enthusiastic organization, perfectly situated at the end of a long peninsula whose curving arm forms a snug harbor. "Everybody here is a sailor," declared my guide, Mrs. Bruce Robbins, "and that's the way we're going to keep it—it's in the bylaws."

### A NURSERY FOR SKIPPERS

Off the southern end of the bay, in the wide Manatee River, there is a flowering hotbed of Optimist Prams. "Palmetto is a real nursery for skippers," said an acquaintance. "Our kids clean up." Proudly it is related that training and discipline are so good that when an entire fleet was overturned by a sudden squall there was no panicking or loss of gear or boat. Each child, accustomed to being in and on the water since infancy, stayed steadfastly by his ship until help arrived.

There are equally active yacht clubs at Clearwater and Tarpon Springs, so there will be no shortage of future competition.

And when the sailor has made port and wants to enjoy the shore for a while, he is not limited by a lack of sporting spectacles. Six major league ball clubs train and play exhibition games in the area covered by this account. There is horse racing at Sunshine Park, not the high-pressure, bet-a-million competition of the Goldcoast but a relaxed country-fair sort of racing, with a lake in the infield where jockeys waiting for mounts have been known to do some cane-pole fishing for hream and trout. There is greyhound coursing on the oldest established track in the U.S., and jai alai in a Tampa fronton. Three 18-hole championship golf courses are in St. Petersburg alone. There are tennis and lawn bowling and roque and—if you hang around long enough—shuffleboard. And, beyond that, as your arteries stay soft in the balmy air and you keep your reflexes by swimming in the vast Fountain of Youth Ponce de Leon did not realize he had discovered, you may eventually even become eligible for that grand old repository of rejuvenated enthusiasm, the Kajs and the Kubs.

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## On and off the fairways

**Sam Snead, the master of the buck, is golf's top earner. But others are learning fast**

GOLFER BILLY CASPER's total of \$56,000 put him at the top of the list in tournament prize money won last year, but if you think he was the game's top earner in 1958 you're quite wrong. It's not exactly a secret that it was the West Virginia financier, Sam Snead. He and dollar bills have an affinity for one another, so much so that he has had an income

member of Wilson's advisory staff; 13 winning matches in the All-Star Golf TV series, \$28,000; some two dozen playing exhibitions at \$1,200 per date, \$28,000. The rest is bulked out by his income from the golf concessions that Snead and Partner Gary Nixon run for the Boca Raton and Greenbrier resort hotels. At Boca in the winter and Greenbrier in the summer, Sam hustles through a few lessons at \$15 for a half hour, but concentrates his energy on playing golf with paying partners. The fee for 18 holes with Snead is \$50 for the first guest, \$25 for each additional player. Sam averages at least a round a day. This money is poured back into the partnership, but Snead's share of the concession as a whole comes to a satisfying \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year.

While Sam's annual off-the-fairways harvest is astonishingly good, there are many others nimble at converting reputations into income. A survey by this department indicated that professional golfers announce their incomes about as readily as women do their ages, but Ken Venturi offered this formula:

"If he tries to exploit and develop his opportunities," Ken said, being careful not to mention what he took in, "a leading player's outside income should match his tournament winnings." Venturi's prize money totaled \$43,000 last year.

While not willing to be identified, two of golf's genuine stars came forward with a breakdown of their off-course earnings. These examples are typical.

Golfer A has won a couple of the Big Three golf titles (U.S. Open, PGA, Masters) and a dozen of the weekly circuit events in the past 10

years. A golf equipment manufacturer markets clubs that carry his name, and the royalties at 3% of wholesale amount to \$13,000 a year. This company also gives him a bonus of \$500 for a regular tour victory, \$5,000 for finishing first in the Open, Masters or PGA Championship. On the tour he represents a real estate and golf course development which pays him in land, one lot worth \$6,000 every other year, rather than cash. By clothing and shoe suppliers he is given all the slacks and shoes he can wear, plus bonuses for winning. With exhibitions and endorsements Golfer A rounds out his income with another \$3,000 to \$5,000, for a total off-course take of around \$21,000.

Golfer B has not yet won a major championship, but he has captured half a dozen of the lesser tournaments in his five years on the circuit. For merely registering out of a resort hotel, B collects \$5,000 yearly. A sportswear firm, while demanding a more active role through endorsements of its products, keeps Golfer B well bundled in slacks and shirts and pays \$2,000 besides. A sporting goods maker puts out a line of Golfer B clubs that furnish royalties against a salary of \$7,500, and the balance of his income comes from a handful of speaking dates (\$250-\$500), playing exhibitions (\$500-\$750) and investments in a golf course-real estate project that is young, but promising, like B. So he figures to earn something like \$18,000 a year above winnings.

Tournament-winning members of the rank and file are loaded down with all the free shoes and haberdashery they need, can also obtain \$500 to \$7,500 contracts with clubs and manufacturers depending on the player's publicity value. Long-hitting George Bayer pulls down \$10,000 a year in exhibition fees (at \$500-\$750 a date), and Al Bessieink would ring a rare and rich bell were he to unexpectedly win the Open; \$35,000 in bonus money alone from his three sponsors.

So don't feel too sorry for the pros and their high expenses. Prize money is only half the story. **BYO**



SNEAD SMILE GLOWS OF PROSPERITY

of over \$100,000 in each of the last 10 years. His taxable income for 1958 was in the neighborhood of \$130,000, and its separate parts look something like this before deductions: winnings from 14 tournaments, \$22,000; royalties from the Wilson golf clubs that carry his signature, \$35,000, plus a salary of \$10,000 for serving as a

### Earning leaders, and their average 18-hole scores

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GENE LITTLER	9,829	69.89	ARNOLD PALMER	7,162	70.69
MIKE SOUCHAK	8,134	70.74	WESLEY ELLIS JR.	6,614	70.93
KEN VENTURI	7,722	70.42	DOUG FORD	5,870	70.42
ERNIE VOSSLER	7,336	71.30	MARTY FURCOL	5,733	70.94





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## A home away from home

**At Chicago's elegant Casino club, good eating goes with good sport at the card table**

THIS afternoon card players who fill the tables at Chicago's justly famed Casino club are tempted to forsake the most exciting game of bridge or canasta, even at a cent a point, by the exceptionally delicious and attractive buffet supper which makes its appearance on Thursday evenings. When husbands arrive from their offices, and cards are put aside, these delicacies will get the full attention of appreciative club members.

The Casino, which was founded in 1914 and has a limited membership of some 440 families and individuals, is unique in many ways. The present club building, a low, dark-gray structure designed by Chicago Architect Walter Frazier in 1927, still appears distinctive and modern-looking in its setting on East Delaware Place between Michigan Avenue and the lake. Inside, the club's original Empire décor of slate-black walls, various greens, terra cottas and off-golds, offset by palomino-colored satin sofas and raspberry-red hangings, is as strikingly handsome today as when it was created by Mrs. Rue Winterbotham Carpenter more than 30 years ago.

The club is the site of innumerable entertainments held in private dining rooms and in the ballroom on special occasions such as wedding receptions and debuts, and it is also a place for lunching or dining any day at all with families or friends. Speaking for the members, Casino President Mrs. John R. Winterbotham said: "Most of us consider the club a second home." And, just as at home, nothing is more important here than the quality of the food, which is watched over with great care by Club Manager Philip Van Hecke.

The Casino is fortunate in having the services of Chef Pierre Mesnier (*see picture above*), an extremely talented Breton from Morlaix, who has been with the club for the past six years. The fare with which he nourishes the card brains of the members is a delicate, sophisticated and surprising *cuisine nature*—pure, digestible, deceptively simple food, the kind a very good cook makes in a private house.

Some of Mesnier's special dishes which are enjoyed the most are paper-thin scaloppine of veal, cooked

**BUFFET SUPPER** awaits Casino members playing canasta. At first table are *(clockwise)*: Mrs. Bruce Borland *(extreme left)*, Mrs. John R. Winterbotham, Mrs. Howard Linn, Mrs. Alden Swift. At second table: Mrs. John C. Murphy *(left)*, Mrs. Henriques Crawford and *(back to camera)* visitor Mary Mahon.



SERIES OF ROAST DUCK ARE SERVED WITH A BEGARANT SAUCE

barely golden and served in a thin juice with Marsala and capers; paper-thin crepes rolled with a thin slice of ham over a *duxelle* of minced mushrooms, the crepes then covered with a light Mornay sauce (the dish is called *pommes à la France*); alligator pears stuffed with crabmeat lightly tossed in a homemade mayonnaise made slightly pungent with Mister Mustard, chopped chives and a touch of Worcestershire; sweet-breads *normande* in Calvados; a superb *gnocchi au gratin*; and a fabulous homemade lemon sherbet.

The buffet selection shown in the photograph on the opposite page is comprised of the following:

**Cold duck highballs:** The ducks are roasted first breast up, then breast down, on top of the *abats* (necks, wingtips, giblets except liver), so that the skin will not be torn by sliding to the pan; they are made to glisten by brushing with a meat glaze. Slices of cold duck are served with a traditional ligurade sauce, the dish decorated with watercress and orange sections.

**Breasts of chicken with kumpango:** The breasts are carved off roasted chickens and lightly spiced with a sauce made of the *abats*, lightly thickened with arrowroot and flavoured with Madeira wine. Kumpango (which are available in jars or cans) "marry very well" with this sauce, as the chef says.

**Poached whiteleg pike with sauce Dupire:** The small pike are simmered slowly in water with bay leaf, thyme and a little onion, served with the classic French sauce for this and other fish.

**Poached Cornish pears with sabayan sauce:** The pears are cored from the blossom end, leaving the stem. They are then peeled, but with an inch or so of skin left on the bottom so they will stand upright for poaching in the oven in a pan of vanilla-flavored sugar syrup. Mesnier makes his sabayan (sabaglione) sauce with Rhine wine instead of Marsala, adds a dash of rum just before pouring it over the cold pears.



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SHOOTING OFF JUMP AT SQUAW VALLEY, UNKNOWN GENE KOTLAREK SHOWS BEST FORM EVER ATTAINED BY A U.S. COMPETITOR

## The surprising Americans

**The final week of the North American races, preview for 1960 Olympic events, uncovered hidden U.S. talent**

THIS North American Nordic ski championships at Squaw Valley were supposed to be a European sweep in jumping and cross-country events, just as the downhill racing the previous weekend (Feb. 21-24) had been essentially an American show, with only 14 foreign entries among 90 racers, none of them the cream of foreign competition. The major Alpine countries—Austria, Italy, France and Switzerland—had a gentlemen's agreement to stay away from Squaw Valley this year.

When the downhill skiers left, the atmosphere became less charged. It was like the winter meeting of an outside 4-H club, several of whose members happened to be world ski and skating champions. Sweden's Sixten Jernberg, one of the greatest 30- and 40-kilometer skiers of all time, clamped happily through the mud on his bow legs, smiling, taking pictures and then handing his camera to a teammate so he could be photographed against a Squaw Valley background. Don McDermott of New Jersey, who can skate 500 meters pretty nearly as fast as anybody in the world, spent his spare time taking telephoto movies of girls in their skin-

tight ski pants. The Norwegian cross-country team captain frisked from the valley floor through the deep powder snow to the top of Squaw Peak and lay down for a nap.

This is not to say the jumpers, cross-country racers and skaters were here just for laughs. All the Scandinavian teams brought doctors with them to make altitude tests on the athletes, and all the athletes were dead set on winning. Don McDermott, in one of his first practice sessions, spun off a 40.5-second 500 meters, only 3-10 second off the world record. The Finns went galumphing around the 30-kilometer cross-country course and emerged from the woods grunting "*Häro, kyro,*" which is Finnish for "Go, go."

### CROSS-COUNTRY RACING

The events themselves went off in the same atmosphere. In the 30-kilometer cross-country, Jernberg put on a leg-pumping, pole-thrashing finish that wiped out an early lead by his nearest rival, the world 15-kilometer champion, Viikko Hakulinen. The moment he crossed the line Jernberg was whisked by Swedish doctors into a first-aid station for an altitude

test. The doctors were very cozy about the results, but it was evident from the way he finished the race that Jernberg could carry an elephant to the top of Squaw Peak with damage only to the elephant.

A Finnish speed skater, Juhani Järvinen, clocked 2:06.3 to set a new world standard in the 1,500 meters. In the 500-meter, two men tied for second behind Norway's Alv Gjestvang (Don McDermott came down with flu and could not race). One of them was the Russian, Gennadii Voronin, fresh from winning the world 500-meter title at Oslo. The other, to everyone's amazement, was Bill Disney, fresh from the small, stuffy indoor rinks of Los Angeles. And Disney was only one of several surprising Americans.

The winner of the 80-meter special jump was a flawless Finn named Kalevi Karkinen, whose second leap of 88½ meters (290 feet) was a model of grace and daring. But barely three feet behind Karkinen, and every bit as impressive in flight, was a Michigan youngster, Gene Kotlarek. Only 18, Kotlarek shows as much potential in jumping as Buddy Werner did at that age in the Alpine events. And Kotlarek is far more advanced in technique than Werner was. Alone among American jumpers he seems

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#### SKIING continued

to have mastered the dangerously late take-off, in which the jumper waits, crouched, until his ski tips pass over the end of the jump. Then he springs far out, driving against the very lip of the jump, hurls his body forward until it is almost parallel with the skis, holds this seemingly suicidal position in an unwavering flight of nearly 300 feet, then goes down in the classic telemark position in an effortless landing. Heini Klopfer, designer of the jump, said of Kotlarek, "I think he is already among the top 10 jumpers in the world."

#### BIATHLON UPSET

Then Larry Damon of Burlington, Vt. scored an upset victory in the biathlon with the corrected time of 1:48:09.3. In the biathlon you ski 20 kilometers, pausing four times to take five shots at a target at each of four stations. Every miss adds two minutes to your skiing time. Damon hit the target 13 out of 20 times. Another American, Dick Mize of Gilman, Colo., who scored 19 hits, finished in second place. The Swede Klas Lestander, who was the favorite, came in third.

On that strong upbeat for the U.S., the North American championships, Squaw Valley's trial by fire, drew to a close after surviving every kind of trouble from a drenching rain to a flu epidemic that immobilized 110 people, including the head doctor. Even the giant IBM Ramac 305 score calculator caught cold one night when someone left the windows open. The next morning its mercury-wetted relay system was frozen, and for 20 minutes the infallible Ramac could neither add nor subtract.

On the whole, however, things went very right indeed. There remains one big imponderable for 1960—the weather. Suppose next year there is a blizzard, not the piddling sort which dropped first five feet and then three and a half feet on the valley just before the North Americans, but a real Sierra storm that unloads 10 or 12 feet of snow in the space of a few days?

Couldn't they, with 400 to 600 ski troops, pack the courses and clear the rinks even during a blizzard? "No," said Willy Schaeffler, director of ski events. "If a major Sierra snowstorm comes up, it is senseless to fight. We might just as well improve international relations by playing cards in the Olympic Village." END



## Ski Tip

WILLY SCHAEFFLER

Ski Coach, University of Denver

**QUESTION:** I would like to go to the Olympics at Squaw Valley next year. Do I need to start thinking now about tickets and reservations?

**YES.** Even though the Olympics are a year away, there is already a run on tickets and bed space. All tickets will be gone by November of this year. By last week some 5,000 daily admissions had been sold already, so now is the time to send for a ticket application. Write to: Organizing Committee, VIIIth Olympic Winter Games, 333 Market St., San Francisco 5. Price per person is \$7.50 a day general admission, \$60 for the whole 11 days. The main figure skating and hockey events in the limited seating of the ice arena will cost you at least an additional \$200 for all 11 days. (Don't send any money until you have your application, however. Ticket details will be made clear in your application blank.) All other events are included in price of general admission.

Whereas tickets are still in good supply, housing within easy commuting distance of Squaw Valley is less easily come by. In order to avoid confusion, duplicity or duplication, an Olympic housing office has been set up. Best way to get a reasonably priced room is to write the Housing Director, Winter Olympics, Squaw Valley, Lake Tahoe, Calif. and ask for the application blank where you can list in preferential order three towns in which to stay.

To help you pick the towns, the accompanying map (right) divides the Far West into six regions with Squaw Valley at its center. (In order to use the information below, the divisions are to be imagined as extending beyond the map. If a town is shown on the map, its name will be in italics.) Squaw Valley has no housing for other than Olympic athletes and officials (some of the latter will

stay outside). Most desirable is EAST region of map. It includes territory nearest Squaw, east of Donner Pass. In EAST the area around four towns can accommodate 7,000 people. In order of closeness to Squaw Valley (mileage is given in parenthesis) they are: *Tahoe City* (7), *Truckee* (10), *Homerood* (14) and *Tahoe Vista* (16). Accommodations here are already tight, but it's worth listing one of them as a preference just on the chance you might make it. NORTH-EAST region on map is your best bet for a reservation if you write now. This is the *Reno-Sparks* area, which has room for 14,000 people. It's a 45-mile drive to Squaw by Route 40, the transcontinental highway kept open through Donner Pass (see A) in storms

that might close others. In WEST, near Donner Pass on Route 40, are *Soda Springs* (20) and other small winter resorts for about 2,500. However, this is another spot where reservations are tight. Farther off in WEST are Nevada City (65), Grass Valley (69) and Colfax (65). Colfax is preferable because it is on Route 40. Towns in SOUTH are closer or almost as close as Reno-Sparks, but Route 28 is not plowed as diligently in a storm as Route 40. Area holds about 6,000. Main towns are *Glenbrook* (37), *Stateline* (54) and *Bijou* (55). In winter, Route 89 is closed at Emerald Bay (see B) and traffic has to go around the lake to get to Squaw.

*Virginia City* (57) and *Carson City* (47) and points below them should be considered SOUTH because the road over Mt. Rose (see C) is often closed in winter, and traffic from this area to Squaw goes through Glenbrook. There are towns farther away in SOUTH but Luther Pass (see D) is closed in winter, and you are better off staying in SOUTH-WEST towns which connect to Squaw along Routes 50 and 40. It's 80 miles from Auburn, 90 from Placerville, 113 from Sacramento through Donner to Squaw. If Donner closes, which it may do in a really severe storm, there is an outside chance that Echo Pass (see E) on Route 50 will stay open. In this case mileages are: Sacramento 151, Placerville 107, Auburn 132. SOUTH-WEST offers late applicants a sure bed, but if you don't want the long drive, try marking towns in NORTHWEST as a preference. *Serraville* (38), *Blairdine* (61) and *Portola* (65) have limited accommodations but they're a lot closer.



SQUAW VALLEY area lies on California-Nevada border (dotted line), is shown here divided by solid lines into six regions for purposes of assessing housing possibilities.

END



SHOWING STRAIN, RON DELANY (LEFT) TRAILS ISTVAN ROZSAVOLGYI INTO THE LAST TURN, WINS ON CLOSING SPRINT (RIGHT)

TRACK / Tez Maule

## Ron takes a turn for the better

**A hungry-looking Hungarian led Delany at turn, lost year's best mile at the tape**

COMING INTO the last turn of Madison Square Garden's 11-lap track, the skinny blond runner had the pole. At his right shoulder and a step behind, Ron Delany matched Istvan Rozsavolgyi stride for stride in this last mile race of New York's indoor track season but did not gain. As the runners came out of the tight turn into the whirlwind of noise which buffeted them down the 20-yard stretch run of the mile, Rozsavolgyi's right foot skidded slightly on the track. Delany, his pace as steady as a metronome, slipped by as the Hungarian broke stride momentarily. He held his lead and won the race in 4:01.4, breaking by 1.1 seconds the world record he had set two weeks earlier. Rozsavolgyi, in second place, ran 4:01.8.

This race provided a beautifully run climax to what has been an ex-

traordinarily exciting indoor track season. A little later, Al Lawrence, Houston University's superannuated freshman (28) from Australia, lowered the month-old indoor record for the two-mile, but the race of the meet—indeed, of the season—was the Delany-Rozsavolgyi mile.

It was a truly classic mile. It had a sound, strong pace-setter in young Peter Close of St. John's, who set off at a whistling pace and kept that tempo for a full three-quarters of a mile. Delany, who usually lets a fast pace-setter take as much of a lead as he likes, did not lag as far behind as usual, because running a couple of yards behind him was the very dangerous Rozsavolgyi. Barry Almond, another Houston University Australian, was in second place as the field turned the first quarter bunched about 10 yards behind Close. When the announcer called the time—59.1—the crowd howled.

The pattern remained the same through the half—Close well out in front, trailed by Almond, Delany and Rozsavolgyi. Rozsavolgyi, who had

tried to beat Delany in earlier races this season by setting a tremendous pace designed to sap the Irishman of his finishing kick, was using a different strategy in this race. "I wanted to stay right behind him all the time, then run much faster in the last two laps," he explained later through an interpreter. "This was a good tempo for my strategy because it was as fast as I would have run if I had been setting the pace."

As the last quarter mile began, Close was 25 yards ahead of the field, but he had run himself out. The gap narrowed quickly, so that with two laps—320 yards—left, Close was only eight yards ahead. Delany moved then, but Almond answered his drive with a sprint of his own. Rozsavolgyi hung doggedly on Delany's heels. "I felt very good then," he said. "Very strong. I was beginning to be confident."

Almond's lead was a brief one. Delany began his own kick, but as he did Rozsavolgyi abruptly swung out on his shoulder and whipped by, running hard, his thin legs scissoring



easily in the liquid-smooth stride he has. He was five yards in front of Delany very quickly, and the crowd set up a steady roar now. Rozsavolgyi tore out of the last turn of the 10th lap two yards ahead, running well under control. With a grimly satisfied look on his face he fought off a Delany challenge down the last backstretch. They hit the final turn with the Hungarian protecting his two-yard lead and Delany's straining drive not gaining an inch. As they came out of the turn Delany moved out to make his bid. When Rozsavolgyi, hugging the pole, hit the straightaway, his right foot skidded ever so slightly and the silky rhythm of his running broke. His stride faltered for two steps and Delany was suddenly ahead of him and the race was over.

"I am not so used to running these close turns," Rozsavolgyi said later. "I am not excusing myself. You know? But my right leg gets very tired from all the turns because I brace myself against it going around and I think it was this tiredness that caused the little slip on that last turn. I felt very good and strong, but when my steps were interrupted, I could not regain my speed. But I am happy it was a good race because I did not want to be criticized for dropping out last week."

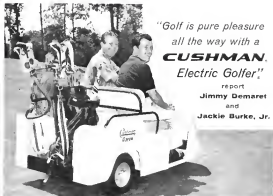
"You ran a great race," he was told, and he smiled.

"Thank you," he said. "These compliments are very good for a runner. It is what we run for. You know?"

As the indoor season ended in the Garden and neared its end in the Midwest, Avery Brundage's theory that the U.S. may be slipping to a second-class track power (SI, Feb. 2) gained credence. The two records at the Garden were set by an Irishman (pushed to the tape by a Hungarian) and an Australian. The University of Michigan won the Big Ten indoor championship by taking five outright first places, all with foreign athletes. They were Tom Robinson (The Bahamas) in the 60 and the 300; Tony Seth (British Guiana) in the 880; Les Bird (Antigua) in the broad jump; and Pete Stanger (Montreal) in the 70-yard low hurdles.

"They make a couch out of me," said Michigan's Don Cusham, forgetting for the moment that only a couple of weeks ago he had called Brundage "a bag of wind" for claiming that the U.S. is falling behind in track.

END



Jimmy Demaret and Jackie Burke, Jr. with a Cushman Electric Gopher...The Champions Golf Course, Houston, Texas

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**LEGENDARY** Dick Stuart, who once hit 66 homers in the minor leagues, had 16 in bare half season with Pirates last year.



**DEPENDABLE** Dick Groat is an unsensational .300 hitter, an unspectacular good fielder, an unpublished first-rate ballplayer.

## PIRATES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM TAYLOR

brought up to the Pirates in 1955 at the age of 19, with only one year of Triple-A ball behind him, and was given a regular job. Now, at 24, he is a genuine veteran, too. Ronnie Kline joined the Pirates two years after he signed his first baseball contract in 1950, and he has been around for a long time. The same thing is true, more or less, of Vernon Law and Boh Skinner and Roman Mejias and others. And it seems hard to believe that Friend, a major-league pitcher—and a good one—for eight years, is only 28 himself.

It was not a system which produced very sensational results when it began. Now things seem to be working out all right.

"Around the league," says Groat, "there used to be a saying that if you could stay close to the Pirates in any game, eventually they would make a mistake and beat themselves. And of course that is exactly what would happen. We would throw the ball away or run at the wrong time or miss a signal. We had the talent; we simply lacked experience.

"But little by little the experience came along, and last year it came fast. That was the best thing that ever happened to this ball club. We were

in a pennant race, battling to win those close games, playing every day under pressure. As a result, I learned twice as much as I ever knew before, and the rest of the fellows did, too.

"Now we've been down the line," says Groat, "and we know we're good enough to win."

"That's true," says Friend. "The difference between the 1958 club and the ones before it was confidence. Some of the younger fellows used to feel that there were only two or three big leaguers on the entire squad. Now they realize that we have a whole team of big league ballplayers. It's bound to make a difference."

## DIFFERENCE WAS DANNY

The man who made most of the difference was Manager Murtaugh.

Quietly and patiently, he soothed the troubled waters left in the wake of the volatile Bobby Bragan. With Danny, if a young player made a mistake, it was not the end of the world, it was just a mistake; go out and do better next time. If a player did well, he was told so. If he needed work on some deficiency, he was encouraged to work and given the opportunity.

"I suddenly felt," says Mazeroski, who was 29 years old at the time, "as if an elephant had just climbed down off my shoulders."

Murtaugh gave his pitchers the

chance to pitch until they proved to themselves whether they had it that day or not; he established a lineup and stuck with it. He gave the Pirates a feeling of security.

"He has been very close to the players," says Groat. "He can be tough if he has to, but you know he's right when he bears down. Danny's greatest contribution to this ball club has been his stabilizing influence. He knows how to handle men."

The men whom Murtaugh will handle this year are not yet a gang of superstars—and most of them never will be. But they are good ballplayers, remarkably good, as a matter of fact, when compared to the general level of excellence around the league. And Groat, in many ways, is typical of the Pirates here, too.

He is not the best defensive shortstop in the league, for his range is a bit limited, and he does not have a really great arm, but he plays the hitters well, is very steady and on occasion can be brilliant—and anyway, when it is a matter which concerns fielding skill, why waste time comparing anyone with Roy McMillan? Neither is Groat the best-hitting shortstop, although he has been over .300 the last two seasons and is almost certainly the second-best. And here again, is it fair to talk about comparisons so long as Ernie Banks can



**CHUBBY** Smokey Burgess, obtained from Reds in big off-season trade, looks fat and ungainly but is a highly respected batter.



**GAWKY** Bob Skinner is at best only a fair outfielder, but his smooth swing makes him one of the best lefty hitters in baseball.

swing a bat? Dick Groat is a good shortstop who can hit and field; he can think and he likes to win; he is, when you get down to it, better than most. A lot of his teammates are, too.

Bill Virdon in center field and Clemente in right are not Willie Mays and Henry Aaron. Yet each has batted .300, and each is an excellent defensive man with speed and a very good arm. Bob Skinner, once considered a butcher in the outfield, has listened to those who know and has spent long hours working on his weaknesses, and no longer is he in any danger out there. At the plate, on the other hand, he is about as dangerous as a batter can get. Last year Skinner had a .321 average, and now they are saying that here is the coming left-hand hitter of the National League. Right now he is probably No. 2; with Stan Musial around, it is rather difficult to go any higher. Behind Skinner and Virdon and Clemente, Mejias is perhaps the best reserve outfielder in either league.

Around the infield there is Houk, a hustling, scrappy guy who can run like the dickens, make all the plays at third and hurt you with his bat, too; Groat, of course; and this youngster Mazeroski, a genuine, 100% confirmed genius. At least that is what they tell you in the National League—and, for that matter, in the

American League, too, where they took time out during the All-Star Game in Baltimore last summer to watch the chunky kid with the magician's hands take infield practice.

"You can see him and read about him," says Groat, "but there is really only one way to fully appreciate Maz. That's to play 154 games next to him around second base."

This somewhat restricts the audience, but it is nice to hear Groat testify just the same. "He does things easily," says the Pirate shortstop, "that other infielders only dream about."

Mazeroski hit .375 last year, which is not so good as Johnny Temple hit for the Reds, but he hit 19 home runs—playing half his games in vast Forbes Field—and Temple can't begin to match that. Mazeroski is also a growing boy who is going to hit more. At Pittsburgh they don't really know where all this is going to stop, and they don't care.

The two positions on the ball club which Murtaugh does not consider sewed up are at first base and home plate, and at both it is not a matter of insufficient material but rather a matter of choice. The No. 1 candidate at first this spring is Dick Stuart, the controversial kid with the large bat and mouth, who once hit 66 home runs down at Lincoln while striking out 171 times. Stuart, who has tem-

pered slightly his admiration for Dick Stuart, is learning a bit about playing first base—and he still has that bat. Good pitching still fools him sometimes—and so does any kind of pitching—but his strength and power dredge up a daily gleam in Murtaugh's eye. It is easy to remember that in less than half a season with Pittsburgh last year Stuart hit 16 home runs. This year, if he plays regularly, the figure could well be 30, and it is Stuart that the Pirates need to take up some of the slack caused by the departure of Frank Thomas.

Behind Stuart are Ted Kluszewski, who has lost four inches off his waist and is now down to a svelte 240, and Rocky Nelson, the Babe Ruth of the Bushes back for another crack at the big time. Klu has been swinging the bat better this spring than any time since 1956. Nelson is the best glove man of the three and, as everyone will tell you, including Rocky himself, he is just bound, by golly, to hit in the big leagues. It should be an entertaining year around first base in Pittsburgh, whoever wins the job.

The catching will be divided between Hank Foiles and Burgess. Foiles, always a highly regarded receiver and handler of pitchers, hit the ball very well in 1957 but not at all in 1958, when he was in and out of

continued

# THE MYTH OF THE "AVERAGE GOLFER"

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## PIRATES continued

the lineup with injuries most of the year. Burgess—the pinch hitter supreme who baseball men say could get out of bed on Christmas Eve and get a base hit—may or may not be able to handle the Pirate pitching staff in pennant-winning style. There is quite a divergence of opinion on this matter and, since Smoky hasn't had a chance to catch regularly for three years, no one really knows.

Roy Campanella, for example, says no, that the Pittsburgh pitchers, particularly the younger ones, will be less effective with Burgess behind the plate. Coach Jimmy Dykes, on the other hand, who was with Burgess at Cincinnati before both came to the Pirates, says Smoky will do all right. His arm, says Dykes, isn't as weak as all that, and he hasn't been around up here all this time without learning something about the league's batters. Friend, one of those Burgess must catch, isn't worried a bit. "Smoky is a good catcher," Bob says. "I'm glad he's on our side."

The residue from this first base and catching quandary helps make up an impressive bench. Kluszewski, Nelson and Burgess, assuming that is the way things work out, are left-hand power hitters untroubled by left-hand pitching; Megas, a right-hander, hit three home runs in one game last year. This is the kind of punch-hitting that a team nosing around after a pennant needs: big, strong guys who can go up there and jerk the ball out of the park. It is something that Pittsburgh has never had before in such abundance.

However, when Pittsburghers bubble optimistically about the Pirates' chances this year, seldom do they start with the infield or the outfield or the bench. It is the pitching staff which gladdens the Pittsburgh eye. Bob Friend won 22 games last year, and he is good enough to do it again; there is a theory, in fact, that he would have done it much sooner with a decent supporting cast. Law and Kline are both experienced pitchers, and Haddix is the left-hand starter Murtaugh has been looking for. The Pirates wave aside the fact that Harvey won only eight games for Cincinnati last year. "Pitching in Crosley Field is one thing," says Friend, "and pitching in Forbes Field is something else. Haddix is a good pitcher—we've always thought so—and now he has some help. Last year, when he got

into trouble, there was no one to hail him out. Now all he has to do is look over his shoulder at the bullpen, and there is El Roy Face. That's a pretty comforting sight."

Face, the figures show, was the most effective relief pitcher in either league last year. And the veteran Bob Porterfield contributed too.

There is also a young phenom named George (Red) Witt, who won nine and lost only two after being recalled from Columbus, with a stunning earned run average of 1.61. "Was that a fluke?" says Murtaugh. "It better not be. We're counting on that boy." Another boy Danny is counting on is Bennie Daniels, who has about as much stuff as any pitcher in sight but who had to spend an extra year in the International League learning to get the ball over the plate. Now the Pirates believe that his control problem is virtually licked and that he is ready. Certainly he has been impressive this spring.

So there you are. The Pirates of 1959 have pitching in depth, superb defense, a good bench and the type of sustained line-drive attack which is built to function best in the vast reaches of Forbes Field. There is speed in the persons of Clemente, Virdon, Skinner and Hoak, and Murtaugh plans to use it.

"We're going to take a few chances," he says. "I don't want these boys to grow up to be the type of old men who use both a belt and suspenders to hold up their pants."

Of course, it is still a bit of a long shot that the Pirates will win the pennant. Milwaukee is the defending champion; the Braves have been down the road for three straight years, and twice they made it to the end. They are still the team to beat. They have all that pitching, and they have some guys who can leave you for dead at the plate. But no longer do they have Red Schoendienst, the catalyst in both pennant-winning seasons; and, what makes the situation even more critical, no adequate replacement for their great second baseman is in sight. The Braves could also use some outfield assistance (there are a lot of weak knees out there), the defense is not impressive and maybe this is the year Warren Spahn slows down. Don't bet on that, of course.

But should the Braves play at anything below their best, there is now a ball club all primed to knock them dead. The Pittsburgh Pirates. Believe it or not.

END





## DANGER AND SACRIFICE

by ARTHUR R. MOFFATT

*Seven weeks after the start, Arthur Moffatt's expedition to the vast and uncompromising tundra of the Great Barren Grounds had reached a critical point. The six-man party had started out from Black Lake in Saskatchewan. Their destination was an isolated outpost on Baker Lake in northeastern Canada, some 500 miles away. On August 1 they entered a bleak, wind-swept country only once before crossed in its entirety. Now the days grew short and cold, food stocks low. With 100 miles to go, the party faced its greatest challenge.*

**AUGUST 18** We went down a beautiful, swift stretch of river today. There were piles of cumulus clouds overhead and in the blue distances brilliant golden hills. There were groves of white spruce and lovely sand beaches. A remarkable countryside.

This is the part of the route where Tyrrell [Dr. J. B. Tyrrell, who in 1893 led the first and only other expedition across the Barren Grounds.—Ed.] had constant rain and cold, also patches of old snow everywhere. But for us it has been very pleasant—this despite the fact that we are more than a week behind Tyrrell's schedule. Not a fly for weeks and cool at night.

**AUGUST 20** Today we shot a couple of heavy hut short rapids, only the second of which I looked over. Not very smart of me. I probably should be more careful.

George [Grinnell], who had been feeling poorly after trying a yellow mushroom, went back to his tent after supper. He found a big white wolf right in camp. I went up on a hill and saw three more—two adults and a gray pup. I watched them lie down on the next ridge, curling up to sleep, though two of them first put their noses in the air and howled.

**AUGUST 21** Waves on Duhavnt Lake running three feet. We had to stop at 10 after only four miles. I went to sleep at 2 p.m., while the wind rocked and snapped the tent, then woke at 5. For some curious reason, I busied myself figuring out how much cash we had left to get us home from Baker Lake. Not too much.

Wind shifted to north after supper. May move tomorrow—at least I hope so. Only about 20 days' food left. Lean caribou is temporarily filling, but does not stay with you. We get five meals out of the caribou—four quarters and back meat, plus heart, tongue and liver. Neck and spareribs for lunch meat. Unfortunately,

we do not have enough wood to make soup. No more onions, dried vegetables.

Skip [Peel] says my pankin [a small pan] is causing grumbling among the men, since they think I'm getting more than they are. Could be. Will use bowl from now on.

Ptarmigan plentiful here, red-throated loons too, also a single arctic tern today. Herring gulls and longspurs common. Some pipits.

**AUGUST 24** Still haven't moved since the 21st. George suggested last evening that, if the weather clears, we get up at 4, eat hardtack and jam and shove off. That was exactly how it went. He called me at 4:30, before dawn but light enough to see. Only a slight breeze was blowing, and the sky was almost clear. It turned out a great day for a change. We made 30 miles and are now 20 minutes of latitude north [of the 63rd parallel]. An ominous note crept in, however. We had a heavy frost this morning—the first of the trip. Summer is definitely over. It was cold all day, and I wore long underwear for the first time, also mittens, parka, sweater and two shirts most of the day. When the parka was off, I had it across my knees. Legs and feet got very cold in a canoe.

Stopped for lunch on point of mainland, after a smoke stop. At end of the latter I ran out my fishline, with a Dardevele, and before paddling a dozen strokes had a heavy strike. The fish hooked well, and I had to play him for 10 minutes. He fought hard. I couldn't get him into Bruce's [LeFavours'] net, finally had to lift him in by the gills. He weighed 12 pounds, very nice for a lake trout.

Joe [Lanouette] hates the 4 a.m. rise. He never looks ahead to cold, hunger or whatever we might have to face. He lives for the present only. Pete [Franck] is just the opposite. He is always worrying about running out

of food or being caught by the cold before Baker Lake. Others are concerned, too.

Skip suggests a walk to the Arctic Circle after we reach Baker Lake. I'm all for it if money and film permit. It would be a great adventure, and a second or third film to add to the summer's work. We might even try for the Magnetic Pole, much as Carol, kids, home and bacon and eggs appeal.

Incidentally, did not forget Creigh's birthday on August 16—or Sally's on August 21. I have thought of the kids often lately. Sure like to see them soon again. But might as well hit this for all it's worth, while here.

[From this point on, there is a marked increase in the number of personal references in Art Moffatt's diary. The combination of fatigue, hunger and the fear that winter would soon close in on them was beginning to have a profound effect on the expedition. There was something about the land, too. The immense expanse of starkly bare rock and green tundra, a thing of grandeur at first, stretched on endlessly. Each hill began to look like the hill before it. One rapid blended into another. Everything had a ring of tiring familiarity. The bearded men became moody and silent. They kept more to themselves, and when they spoke it wasn't always pleasant.]

**AUGUST 25** An argument today over whether to breakfast at 4:30 when we get up or at 9. I seemed to be the only one who really favored an early breakfast, but the arguments against it—less time, wind, etc.—and the manner of critical delivery at me got my goat, especially when Skip said my argument that three hours of paddling were bad for the heart was simply a cover for wanting breakfast. I offered to cook it myself, but he wouldn't hear of it. I finally said we would have breakfast before we left, and that was that. Everybody went to bed angry.

**AUGUST 26** Skip up getting breakfast at 5. I woke then, became the second man up, got the canoe loaded, and all set to go. Everybody was ready about 10 minutes before breakfast. Tempera still edgy, but maybe we'll make good time this way.

**AUGUST 26** Paddled all afternoon, made 25 miles, well into Outlet Bay. Camp at sundown.

**AUGUST 27** We got off to a good start in fine weather. And what wonderful luck. I saw several gulls feeding on the carcass of a caribou across the river and decided to get out the camera and take motion pictures with the telephoto lens.

I was thinking this would make an interesting bird shot when suddenly the gulls flew up and a wolf walked into the frame. He pecked up the carcass, worried it and then began to eat. A tremendous sequence.

[On September 1 the morning broke cold, windy and wet over the three tents pitched along the lichen-covered rocks. Talk immediately centered on food and fuel and reaching Baker Lake, still some 10 to 20 days off by Moffatt's calculations. The men again were forced to sit tight. That afternoon, as Moffatt lay napping alongside his canoe, he had a dream of death. He recorded this premonition in his diary the next day—a day, incidentally, when snow first fell on the expedition.)

**SEPTEMBER 2** As I dozed yesterday I had a scary dream of being on a frozen lake with men, finding the lee of the lake frozen into artifacts. One lug circle, a tent ring, floated loose as I stood on it; and in clear water below I could see a gray canoe (mine?) broken and resting on the bottom among caribou bones. Then Carol appeared and urged me to leave, but I continued to stand on the ice and fritter away my time. Rather a clear dream. Full moon tonight. Must get out of here soon, and will.

**SEPTEMBER 4** It was a very cold night last night. My feet were numb all night long, kept me awake. There seemed to be no frost—until I got up for breakfast. It was snowing. Flurries came down until 11 a.m., but the wind was down. We landed at the beginning of a gorge portage, carried our lunch to the top of a 30-foot bank and ate. The sun came out, the sky cleared and the afternoon was warm and windless. I carried our heavy food pack across and got some fine shots of the men with canoes and boxes and of the wonderful green and white waves, some 10 feet high, in the gorge itself. The green, white and cobalt-blue water was a beautiful sight, with the reddish rock walls of the gorge and the deep red of the dwarf birches all around.

"Toward the beginning of the last part of the 2½-mile portage you leave the hard clay and damp places, and come out on an old beach—the high point of Hudson Bay's post glacial submergence." This is Tyrrell's description of our present position. On this loose gravel were bear tracks and some handsome green-and-white pebbles, some of which I collected for my girls.

**SEPTEMBER 5** Pete worried about cold weather, ice and snow. Me too. Hope we can move tomorrow. Only about 15 days of oatmeal left, five days of cornmeal, 18 days of hardtack, 18 days of sugar and 11 two-pack mashed potatoes or 22 one-pack days. Four days of macaroni.

*continued*



#### PEACEFUL INTERLUDE

Skip Peed (right) boats a lake trout or Bruce LePauour wickie. Trout, often weighing 25 pounds, were plentiful in north.

meat supply good, canned meat, fish and caribou. Should make it, unless weather turns very bad.

**SEPTEMBER 6** Breakfast at 8. Cloudy, cold, snow flurries, and very strong northwest wind, but decided to move anyway, despite the dangers. We haven't much time left. Also decided to portage last 100 yards of rapid, partly to get warm, also to avoid risk of wetting or of hurting film and cameras.

I had used the tarp on my bedroll last night. Very warm and comfortable, but rolling it up, plus rolling a half dozen cigarettes for the day took quite some time and apparently tired off Skip. Also portage took some time. Skip and Pete both shot it, both hitting rocks, Skip cracking a rib, Pete cracking planking.

At lunch Skip let me know he was mad, and I gathered there was more to come, but I took it calmly, saving my thunder for a big blast, should it come later.

[That afternoon, they saw their first Barren Grounds grizzly bear.]

I paddled back to the other canoes as fast as possible, maneuvered then to get through the shallows to the shore and jumped out with my camera.

Skip followed along behind. I ran up the slope about 100 yards, set up the camera on its tripod and focused on the bear, which was coming toward me. When it moved, it ran. It had seen us and twice reared up on its hind legs. It was a huge critter, about seven feet tall, with a beautiful tawny coat and a powerful rippling run. Its legs at the ankles seemed as big as my thighs.

The bear kept right on coming. I shot about 30 feet of film of him. Then he circled downwind. He reached the lake shore due south of us and started toward us again. Skip and I were still 100 yards inland, and both of our canoes were aground in very shallow water.

Bruce had spoken of the grizzly's proclivity to charge, so I was getting nervous. As the bear came on fast, Skip and I started to run for the canoes, but the bear, seeing us go, apparently for the first time connected the sight of us with our scent. Whatever the reason, he turned tail, tore like an express train back along the shore and then across a rocky point, flushing three ptarmigan as he ran. He splashed across a marshy flat, up into dwarf-birch hillsides and up a hill as fast as a horse could gallop. A magnificent sight, but glad to see him go.

Earlier, while cooking, I saw a large flock of snow geese flying south. Everything going south—we're still pushing north. Time we got out of this country.

Several caribou carcasses on shore of Grant Lake, drowned in rapids or gorge, most likely—or did a grizzly get them?

**SEPTEMBER 7** Up early. White wolves on top of the esker across the Chamhefin River. Hard wind from west. We worked hard, got to top of Grant Lake, then saw red gas cans and something white that looked like a tent on the east shore.

We paddled over to lee of the sand point, landed and found that the white thing was no tent but a small piece of muslin covering 24 one-pound tins of dried Bearmeat vegetables—carrots, beans, spinach, cabbage and beets.

The guys went crazy. Skip was really angry at the way they acted. I wasn't sure it was not a cache, but the muslin obviously was set so as to be visible to someone

coming from south. We took the stuff, figuring it had been left there for us by Ray Moore flying in on one of his Canadian government mapping trips. Whatever, we celebrated with a huge mess of vegetables and caribou glop, carrots and beans mixed. Supper was wonderful.

[The occasional warm afternoons of the week before had stopped. Increasingly, the men were taking chances. They now shod down churning chutes of white water which, a month earlier, they would have scrutinized with a doubtful eye. Then, on September 9, came a wind that ripped at the campers with an insane ferocity. Huddled in the protection of the rocks, the Moffatt party did not know that this same wind broke an anemometer at Churchill, the Hudson Bay settlement to the south of them.]

**SEPTEMBER 9** The morning broke wet and snowy. I lay in my tent getting wetter by the minute. Outside a gale was blowing, and bitter cold had set in. The hills were white.

Everything in the tent got soaked. My clothes, sleeping bag, the works. Pete's tent blew down and tore. I could not leave my tent, even though I was soaked to the skin. There were two inches of water on the tent floor. So I got into Joe's sleeping bag with him. We were both uncomfortable, but it was the only warm and half-dry place for us to go. Others worked outside, accomplishing little, but Skip is a great believer in activity for its own sake.

**SEPTEMBER 10** It snowed again. Everything is frozen, and more snow clouds are solid in the sky. Wind still strong. But we are going on anyway. There is no time now to sit around waiting for the niceties of weather. We're all running scared. This is the third day of snow. There is a strong north wind. It has been freezing all day. Frozen feet are becoming a real worry, our torn boots being porous as blotting paper.

In spite of the heavy winds and snow squalls, we made it, with the help of a strong current, down to a 10-foot falls above Wharton Lake. But there was ice on the paddles, the hills were still white and there was no sun.

Skip was exhausted tonight. His cramped tent last night made him sleepless. Ten days' sugar supply left, about same amount of hardtack, 10 days' oats, five days' cornmeal. Joe broke two of three remaining peanut butter jars tonight on portage. Even a little item of that sort is becoming vitally important to us. The food situation is poor, but we mean to get out of here as fast as possible now. About 200 miles to go.

[On September 11, the Moffatt party, having traveled with snow squalls and wind in their faces all day, reached Wharton Lake. The following morning the weather was better than it had been for a week, although the skies were still spotted with clouds. After a portage around rapids, Art Moffatt wrote, "I cooked fish and bully, pudding and tea. Then, in darkness, I made the last portage trip for a load of wood, my pack and two poles. I thought of wolves on the way but saw none. Good distance today. Marjorie Lake tomorrow." And this is the last entry Art Moffatt was to make in his diary.]

**FOR WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, TURN PAGE TO JOE LANQUETTE'S DIARY, WHICH DESCRIBES THE TERRIBLE EVENTS OF SEPT. 14**



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From left: Robert Bruce, Bay, Jamaica, West Indies.

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**SIDE CAR** 1 oz. fresh lemon juice. 1 oz. Hiram Walker Triple Sec. 1 oz. Hiram Walker Select and Rare Brandy. Shake well with ice. Rub edge of cocktail glass with a slice of lemon, then dip glass in powdered sugar for frosty coating. Strain and serve.



**MERRY WIDOW** 1½ oz. Hiram Walker Cherry Flavored Brandy. ½ oz. Maraschino. Shake lightly with ice. Strain into small glass and serve with a cocktail cherry.



**MINT FRAPPE** Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass. Pour enough Hiram Walker green Creme de Menthe to fill glass, serve with 2 small colored straws.



**STINGER** ¾ oz. Hiram Walker white Creme de Menthe. 1¼ oz. Hiram Walker Select and Rare Brandy. Shake with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass and serve.



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BARREN GROUNDS continued

## CRISIS ON THE RIVER

On September 14, the Moffett party awoke, packed and set off, almost routinely, on the river as it had so often recently. But this was not to be a day like any other the men had ever known. Before sunset, disaster would come to the freezing waters of the Dubaut, and it would be Joe Lavanette (right), whose diary entry for the day appears below, who would tell the terrifying story.



## FATEFUL DAY

**SEPTEMBER 14** This has been the most harrowing day of my life. It started as many others recently: bleak and dismal under a cover of clouds. It was below freezing, and the sand was crunchy and hard from its layer of frost and ice.

Once on the river, the pleasant sandy esker country dropped rapidly behind us. We paddled along, no one saying much of anything. Finally, we pulled into a gravelly bay for lunch. George, Bruce and I scurried around looking for wood scraps. Art heated a kettle and Skip and Pete fished from the shore. Almost immediately, Pete latched onto a 17½-pound orange-fleshed lake trout and wrestled with him for over 20 minutes.

After a fine lunch of fish chowder, we shoved off again at around 2:30. The weather was still dismal, although the wind had dropped. In a few minutes we heard and saw rapids on the horizon. This surprised us. Art had figured we had already shot the last two rapids into Marjorie Lake. Actually, what we had gone down were only riffles, and what lay ahead was the real beginning of the first rapids.

At the top, the rapids looked as though they would be easy going, a few small waves, rocks—nothing serious. We didn't even haul over to shore to have a look, as we usually did. The river was straight and we could see both the top and foot of the rough water quite clearly, or we thought we could. We barreled happily along. We bounced over a couple of fair-sized waves and took in a couple of splashes, but I didn't mind, as I had made an apron of my poncho and remained dry enough. I was looking a few feet in front of the canoe for submerged rocks when suddenly Art shouted "Paddle."

I took up the beat, at the same time looking farther ahead to see what it was we were trying to avoid. I was surprised to see two lines of white. I looked at them in helpless fascination. It was too late to pull for shore. Our only hope was to pick what seemed to be the least turbulent spots and head for them. I was not really frightened, but had, rather, an empty, sinking, "it's-all-over-now" feeling. We went over the falls and plunged directly into a four-foot wave. The bow sliced in, and a sheet of foaming green engulfed me. The canoe yawed, slowed. The current caught the canoe once again and plunged it toward the next falls a few hundred feet away. By some miracle, Art straightened the canoe out a little, but we were still slightly broadside as we went over the second falls.

continued

This time the bow didn't come up. I could feel the canoe begin to roll over under me. The next few seconds telescoped into a vivid recollection of water all around me, foam and clutching currents pulling me along with the canoe, which by this time had rolled bottom up. Then the foaming roar stopped, the current lessened. Art and I were clinging to the canoe.

The seriousness of our position had not yet fully dawned on us. At first the water didn't feel too uncomfortable. My heavy parka was full of air in between its layers, and I was quite buoyant. Art draped himself over the stern of the canoe and yelled to me to do the same at the bow. Then I saw that Bruce and Skip were in the water too, their canoe also having swamped.

The next thing I knew, George and Pete were paddling furiously by us in the red canoe, heading for shore. I watched them as they leaped out, dumped their packs

and headed back toward us. Packs were floating all around us. Art was holding onto the canoe with one arm and my pack and his 86-pound camera box with the other. I saw Art's pack floating off in another direction and swam a few yards after it, but by this time my parka was soaked, so I came back to the canoe. I told Art in a dry, disinterested voice that we had just pulled a damned-fool stunt and that this would likely be the end for us. He assured me through chattering teeth that this was not the case and that, although it would be hard, we would pull through in good shape.

George and Pete went after our packs first. To our horror, as George struggled to haul my soaked pack into the canoe, he lost his balance and toppled overboard. George almost overturned the canoe trying to haul himself out of the water. That would have put all six of us in the water. None of us could have got out. Finally Pete paddled to shore, dragging George along. They dumped the water out and came back. This time they



#### MISSION ON THE TUNDRA

*In the gloom of arctic winter, the sun at midday hangs low on the horizon as a somber seven-man party, led by Skip Pessl, defies the sharp sting of a bitter northern wind in the last fateful act of the Moffatt expedition.*

managed to drag Bruce and Skip to a small rocky island and leave them there.

By now I was almost completely paralyzed by the cold water. I couldn't swim. I couldn't move. Bruce and Skip on the island began shouting "Hurry up." Art took up the cry. Soon so did I.

My mind became fogged. I remember Pete shouting to me to grab hold of his canoe. I did. So did Art. I was holding onto Art's pack. We got nowhere, although George and Pete paddled like fiends. I lost my grip on Pete's gunwale and shouted for him to come back or I would drown. He quickly stopped paddling. I grabbed onto the red canoe again.

The next thing I remember my feet were scraping over the rocks near shore. I took one or two steps, using every single remaining ounce of strength I had, then collapsed unconscious on the rock and moss ashore.

My next recollection, hazy as it is, is one of being in a sleeping bag, with George giving me a brisk rubdown.

He kept asking, "How are you doing, Joe?" and I kept telling him that I was doing fine and to quit pounding me. I remember that I felt warm and comfortable all over except for my feet, which seemed abnormally cold. I passed out again.

When I came around next, I was surprised to find that I was completely naked and in a tent. I couldn't figure out why this should be. I sat bolt upright. It was dark out. Someone thrust a large ran under my nose and told me to take five swigs. I did. Then Skip came into the tent, undressed and got into a sleeping bag. After a while, I looked out of the tent. I turned back and casually asked Skip where Art was. He replied that Art was outside. We lay in silence. Finally, I asked what would Art be doing outside. Skip replied, "You might as well know. Art is dead."

**FROZEN, FRIGHTENED AND LEADERLESS, THE MOFFATT PARTY STILL HAD 200 MILES TO GO. FOR WHAT HAPPENED, TURN PAGE**



## AN EPILOGUE TO TRAGEDY

DEATH BY EXPOSURE, contrary to the popular myth, is not an easy thing. George Grinnell, writing later of the ordeal in the water, noted that "one does not simply go to sleep. He passes out from pain. When he is unconscious, he has pleasant dreams. They inspire him to live," Moffatt, tossing back and forth between consciousness and unconsciousness, finally reached shore. He knelt on the ground. He shook and his teeth chattered. He asked several times, "What do you want me to do?" Lanouette was delicious. He could not answer. Grinnell too was in mortal danger of dying from exposure. Franck, exhausted by his labors, had nevertheless still to rescue Pessl and LeFavour from their island sanctuary. Not until he got back was there anybody to take care of Moffatt, who had been in the water the longest. Pessl, when Franck had got him to shore, placed Moffatt in a dry sleeping bag and massaged him. But it was too late.

In counting its loss, the expedition also gave thanks for its blessings. All might have gone under. Lanouette and Grinnell came perilously close to dying. The survivors rested for a day, gathering strength and planning their next move. On the afternoon of September 15 the sun came out for the first time in 9 days. Had it not, they all might have perished but, with the encouragement of warmth, came a relaxation and a renewed faith that the expedition would, ultimately, succeed. The five abandoned an earlier plan, arrived at desperately in the wake of tragedy, to send Pessl and Franck for help. They

would now make the trip together. The next day they carried Art Moffatt's body to the top of a hill where, because they could not dig in the frozen ground, they laid him down and placed his canoe over him.

In the aftermath of Moffatt's death, the men felt acutely the loss of their leader. They were frightened of the water and of winter as they had never been before. Sticking timidly to the shore, they outlined every cove and inlet, often portaging where they once would have canoed. It was thus that they came to Aberdeen Lake, 18 miles across at its widest point. The men looked fearfully at the sky. With their food almost gone, they had to attempt a crossing, although common sense told them that it would be a mistake. As if to justify their fears, darkness settled around them at mid-lake. A tempest broke over them and in the violent, wind-scudded water, the two canoes became separated. They battled for three hours and then, much as Ulysses found a haven on the shores of Phaeacia, they were heaved up by huge waves onto the opposite shore—the canoes only yards apart. This was the last of the great dangers on the journey through the Barren Grounds.

On September 20 the expedition met several families of Eskimos. In their graciously pleasant but—to the men—roundabout way, the Eskimos were working up to extending an invitation to share two freshly killed caribou when one Eskimo pointed to the sky. A blizzard, he seemed to be saying, and the Eskimos left. A day and a half later, the countryside now coated in deep white, the

Eskimos were back with an offer of tea. Tea, as it happily turned out, was a bountiful two-gallon pot filled with caribou steaks. The men dipped their hands into the pot and gorged themselves. In a matter of minutes they had eaten approximately 30 pounds of caribou. They finished off with half a pot of fatty broth, gulped down with Eskimo tea.

Refreshed, the Moffatt party set out again. On September 21 they reached the Thelon River, still 100 miles from Baker Lake outpost. They now headed southeast for the first time. The river ran deep and fast. On September 24 the five men put ashore at Baker—a strange and haggard band that had eaten its last meal a day before. The men carried their packs up the beach and turned their canoes over them inactively, to protect the contents, although the packs were empty.

The journey through the Barren Grounds was, for all purposes, over. That afternoon the last scheduled plane of the winter left for Churchill. Skip Pessl alone remained to guide a Canadian Mounted Police plane back to Art Moffatt's body. The mournful expedition is pictured on the preceding pages. Today, a simple cross marks Moffatt's grave at Baker Lake, in the wilderness he loved.

END



END OF A LEADER

At Baker Lake, in a lonely cemetery for Eskimos, worn, hooded against the cold, stand around the simple cross erected at Art Moffatt's grave in the arctic.

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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

### The readers take over

#### BASKETBALL: STAY-AT-HOMES

Sirs:

Congratulations on the splendid story about Babe McCarthy, Bailey Howell and Mississippi State (*Benquets for Babe and How Bailey*, SL, Feb. 23). Although a poll of the man in the street by this writer favored Mississippi State seeking the NCAA title by a 6-1 ratio, this great club, with the best won-loss record in America (24-1), must sit at home because it's election year in Mississippi and no one is going to stick his neck out.

McCarthy, courted by Texas, received a new five-figure, four-year contract and Howell won AB-American recognition and will play in a pair of college all-star games in the East and the Southern AAU tournament, and the team may go to Denver for the national AAU competition, to seek another title instead of the coveted NCAA crown.

JIMMIE McDOWELL

Sports Editor, *Jackson State Times*  
Jackson, Miss.

#### CHARITY AND HORSES IN MIAMI

Sirs:

It appears to this humble scribe that in the hustle-bustle, television-hidden world of today the printed words that might lure the weary sojourner on this earth could possibly be the well-phrased words, the apt ones.

I find the remark that some of the horses seen in the Ninth Annual Miami Charity Horse Show (*Quick Change in Florida*, SL, Feb. 23) "would have been more useful in a bottle of glue" extremely distasteful. This remark was not only unkind and smart-alecky—it was untrue. The horsefish shown was of the best in the country and was brought to the show from some of the finest stables in the U.S.; I recall none that were under par or unworthy of being shown.

The second statement which was unkind, smart-alecky and untrue was, "A good many people identified with James D. Norris' other interests apparently came out of friendship for Jim, whose name appeared in the program 15 times." There may have been a few people who came out of friendship for Jim Norris, but the number was indeed slight compared to the capacity crowds which attended each of the eight performances. Sunday afternoon saw 6,000 of "Jim Norris' friends" milling about.

It was also unfair and petty to single out the fact that Jim Norris' name appeared many times in the program. His name appeared each time a class was listed for which he had sponsored a trophy (those donated by him amounted to over \$2,000); his name would also appear as presenter of this trophy. In addition his

continued

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## 19TH HOLE continued

name naturally appeared as a member of the board of governors of the horse show and under the list of box holders.

MARGORIE LEE AKIN

Miami

Sirs:

The facts behind the show are: It has been held many years to raise funds for the Miami Cancer Institute. This year Mr. Norris was elected to the board of governors. The election occurred without his knowledge. He was told about it afterward. Once chosen, he accepted. He and E. E. Dale Shaffer and others interested in the war against cancer pitched in and went to work. They sponsored various classes. They gave their time, energy and money.

I just don't like smart-aleck writers who snipe, with typewriter keys dipped in vinegar, at sincere people who happen to have a little money or social prominence. The world could use a few more people with the sympathy, human kindness, money and desire to help other people shown by James D. Norris.

HERMAN MATHIESSEL

Miami

Sirs:

We had a very successful horse show here, raising in the neighborhood of \$15,000 for the Cancer Institute.

This has been achieved each year by the members giving generously of their time and money; however, it seems to me that your reporter has tried to make it appear that I used a charity event to further myself in a publicity manner.

JIM NORRIS

Coral Gables, Fla.

● James D. Norris certainly needs no publicity from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Horse shows are not judged by the motives of the sponsors, however worthy, but by the quality of the animals and their performances. As Alice Higgins pointed out, competition in the hunter and jumper division was so uneven this year as to be a credit to no one, while the saddle and western classes were excellent. Incidentally, Miss Higgins pronounced last year's Miami show "first-rate" (*SI*, March 3, 1958).—ED.

## RECORD BREAKERS

Sirs:

I wonder how Mr. Kerr feels after Round Table's race in the Washington's Birthday Handicap? Undoubtedly, his only feeling is one of remorse at having failed to receive \$47,300, handed to him on a silver platter.

How a good horse could have been started so shortly after he had developed a quarter crack in his right front hoof is beyond my comprehension. Naturally, he now has a left front hoof injury as well.

It is not trying to run against other fine horses that is going to ruin this good and honest animal, but the quest after the almighty dollar.

What happened to the resolution to



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retire Round Table after he became the biggest money winner in turf history?

RENÉE H. O'DONOHUE

Artherton, Calif.

#### DEEDS AND SAILS

Sirs:

I have been very much impressed with the excellent coverage afforded the America's Cup races, and in particular the articles by Carleton Mitchell.

I would love to see the next defense of the America's Cup devolve from a match race to one involving perhaps six or seven boats of the 12-meter class from various countries around the world. I think that this is a truer test of the abilities and technique of both skipper and crew and would stimulate considerably more interest than there now is in America's Cup races. Unquestionably, the deed of gift would have to be changed to permit this type of racing.

An item in the February 9th article by Carleton Mitchell attracted my attention, and I quote, "I was telephoned by a member of *Sceptre's* afterguard, for example, that same evening and asked if I would approach John Matthews of Vine and Henry Mercer of Westbury to see if a drifting genoa could be borrowed."

Was it borrowed?

R. E. MUNSON

Wilmette, Ill.

● No. Between 8 a.m. the next day and 5:30 a.m. the following morning *Sceptre's* George Colin Ratsey produced a drifting genoa in the City Island loft of his American sailmaking brother Ernest Ratsey.—E.D.

#### CALM NERVES AT TEXAS A&M

Sirs:

Anyone I have ever talked to has the utmost respect for Horton Smith, but we can't help feeling he is "underinformed" when he criticizes the use of Ripple Sole golf shoes on putting greens (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Feb. 16). Before me I have the complete report of the tests conducted by the USGA at Texas A&M. Far from deflecting a golf ball on the putting green, the report states, "when the ball was rolled toward the cup on undisturbed Bermuda-grass turf, 17 out of 25 balls went into the cup. When crossing a Ripple Sole print, 20 out of 25 went into the cup."

Presumably Mr. Smith did not get an opportunity to read the complete report. In any case it is my feeling even if slight impressions are left temporarily on the putting green they are no more distracting to a putter than indentations left by bags or the "plowing up" of the green by foot-dragging wearers of spikes.

As far as the statement attributed to Mr. Smith that "psychologically speaking" it is "murder" for the putter to see Ripple Sole marks on the green, it might well be said that putting requires the calmest nerves in the world and no golfer worthy of the name would let a Ripple Sole get him "all shook up" any more than a lug mark would.

FREDRICK J. McNAMARA

Boston

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## Pat on the Back

By Bill Shaw



**MARYLEELA RAO**

*'You get to know yourself'*

One of the most pleasant and enduring bonds that links the U.S. to other countries is the fellowship of athletics. Many years ago M. K. Rao, an engineering student from India, attended the University of Kansas and ran on the track team. Rao took his U.S.-acquired skills back to India, and when his young daughter Maryleela asked him to show her how to run he pitched in with such enthusiasm that Maryleela became one of Asia's outstanding woman sprinters and hurdlers and was India's lone 1966 woman Olympian. Like her

father before her, Maryleela came to the U.S. to finish her education—at California's San Jose State College.

To do justice to this bright new world, Maryleela gets up at 5:30 a.m., studies the maximum allowable number of courses, has taken up golf in addition to track and fallen in love with San Francisco. When Maryleela returns to India she hopes to get a job "raising the standard of physical education." She believes that "through the mental, physical and emotional strain of competitive sports you can get to know yourself really well."

# What to Call Him?

John or Joe if he's a boy, but if he has four legs and runs,  
you can have a proper peck of trouble picking a proper name

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

If you have ever had trouble naming a child, you should have seen the pained and puzzled faces at a recent family conference at our house. We had to find names for three race horses, two boys and a girl.

With human triplets, if all else fails, you can name the boys John and Joseph and the girl Mary. With baby horses there are no old standbys at all to fall back on. Regulations of The Jockey Club say that you cannot choose a name which has been borne by any other Thoroughbred within the last 15 years, which rules out no less than 200,000 names right at the start, including all the obvious ones like Old Dobbin, Black Beauty and Smokey Joe.

Moreover, as all racing fans know by now, the owners of a Thoroughbred are expected to exercise the utmost ingenuity in naming the baby horse after the parents. Devotees of breeding still cite the classic of all time, involving a colt by Questionnaire out of Delicacy. The Greentree Stable bred this colt and triumphantly named it Hash. The current champion is a filly by the little-known sire Pandemonium out of the mare Madame Chairman. Its owner had the inspiration to name it Order Order.

All great horses, the racing people say, have great names. Give a horse a stouthearted name like Man o' War and it will prove a champion. Call the same horse something frivolous like Swing and Sing and it will finish up the track. (It so happens that there is a horse named Swing and Sing, and it does usually finish up the track. I know because I own it. But that's another story.)

You need a great name, an ingenious name and a name which 200,000 people have failed to find before you. And as if this were not problem enough, the rules also require that the name be not more than 16 characters

long, including all apostrophes, hyphens or spaces.

When I was a young man aching to own a race horse, the privilege of naming it was one of the great attractions. In fact I have been naming horses in daydreams all my life. There was one period when, in the unlikely event that anybody willed me a horse, I would have named it My Barbara, regardless of its sex. You can guess why. There was another period when I dreamed of owning a Night Editor. This was because I had just decided to become a newspaperman.

But mostly during this romantic period of mine I liked to pick out names that had a poetic ring. I thought at one time that Sweet Vermouth was just about the most beautiful name available in the English language. My father, who had been a frustrated horse owner all his life, was partial to Cellar Door. Two decades later, these names no longer strike me as very pretty or at all appropriate. Even if I still liked them, they would not have helped us the other night. Among the 200,000 Thoroughbreds of the past 15 years there is a Sweet Vermouth and there is a Cellar Door, not to mention a My Barbara and a Night Editor.

Now that I actually faced the problem, finding names was not nearly such a glamorous privilege as it had appeared in prospect. For one thing, the people who named the parents had been very little help. One sire was Bernborough, a fine, resounding name, but meaningless. Another sire was Nahar, one more word which you will not find in the dictionary, biographical dictionary or gazetteer. One of the dams was Jinxy, a cute name but contrived. Another dam was Saremp Singer, which means

confused

It's Mother at home.  
It's 10° below. Snow's  
waist deep. Let's stay  
here in Nassau.



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**WHAT TO CALL HIM?** *continued*

nothing except that her owner had had the devil's own time finding a name for an offspring of Saracen and Emphatic. We had four strikes on us from the start.

We piled the dictionary, a thesaurus and Bartlett's Familiar Quotations on the kitchen table and got to work. As chairman of the meeting, I first called for suggestions on the filly, which is by Nahar out of Beautician, by Black Servant.

Myson said, "Call her The Rouser." I gave him a withering glance and said, "Stick to something appropriate. There's not much we can do with Nahar. But what does Beautician suggest?"

There was a long silence. When I thought the proper psychological moment had come, I slyly unveiled a name which had popped into my head the minute I bought the filly at the yearling sales. "How about Lilygilder?" I asked and sat back to accept compliments. I thought that at the very least the name would endear me to my wife, as indicating that I held such a high opinion of her and of womankind in general as to consider the beautician's trade superfluous.

There was another silence. "Nothing," my son said.

"It's clever enough," my wife said. "But it's ugly. Anyway, that's one of those quotations that everybody twists. Shakespeare didn't say 'gild the lily,' he said, 'paint the lily.' Do you want to call her Lilypainter? That's even uglier."

I brooded a while. "How about Vanity Vanity? You know, 'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.'" This sounded slightly wrong to the rest of the family so we looked it up. The line actually goes "Vanity of vanities," which is more than 16 characters. We decided to table the filly momentarily.

Next was the colt by Omission out of Saremp Singer, by Saracen.

"Call him The Rouser," my son said.

"What's all this about the Rouser?" I asked.

My son is 15 and a rock 'n' roll fan. "Don't you ever listen to the records I play? Rebel Rouser is the greatest record ever made, hit the top 10 all last summer. We call it The Rouser for short."

"Omission out of Saremp Singer," I repeated firmly. "What does the breeding suggest?"

Finally my wife reached somewhere into the strange recesses of memory, back to an abnormal psychology course studied as a college sophomore, and came up with Fugue. This was a



"He's not as eligible as I thought. He's on a pay-later plan."

really tricky suggestion, since one meaning of fugue is a musical form, while the other psychological-medical meaning relates to wandering and lapse of memory.

We agreed that Fugue was an absolutely classic name, in the same league as Hash or Order Order, except that nobody in the world except psychiatrists and clinical psychologists, who probably never go to the races anyway, would ever catch on. In fact it would probably be mispronounced most of the time. Nonetheless we could not, having thought of it, abandon it.

At that point my wife, who had still been thinking about the Nahar-Beautician filly and was now flushed with success, came up with the suggestion of Artifice, which we all agreed was fine.

So we were left with the colt by Bernborough out of Jinxy, by New Moon. This little colt is our pride and joy and the hope of our stable, sired by an Australian champion and out of a winning daughter of a winning daughter of a stakes-producing great-grandmother. I approached the task of naming him with some reverence.

"Let's call him The Rouser," my son said.

I looked appropriately stern and tried to think. Bernborough, as I have said, is not fish nor fowl, not a word nor a city nor the name of a man. It is a coined word, derived from the fact that Bernborough is by Emborough out of Bern Maid and the grandson of a famous old stallion named Gainsborough, a name which has some importance in history. Jinxy is also a coined word. What can you do with parents like that?

Perhaps the reader is cleverer at thinking up names than are the Havemanns and has one at the tip of his tongue. But I rather suspect that Bernborough-Jinxy is a parentage that would baffle even that noted breeder Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who hones his talents on about 20 baby horses a year and is generally held to be the Oscar Hammerstein of horse naming.

After we had looked blank for a long time my wife said, "You know, The Rouser isn't bad."

"I'll say it isn't," said my son.

I thought in vain for five more minutes and conceded defeat. We declared the conference over.

When we told our friends about the names we had selected, it turned

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WHAT TO CALL HIM? continued

out that most of them were completely baffled, as we had feared, by Fugue. They were mildly fond of Artifice. The one name they really went for, to a man, was The Rouser. They said it had a stouthearted sound, like Man o' War.

**A**LAB, we were too optimistic, and far too naive. When The Jockey Club screened our applications, it developed that there was already a Fugue in the files, sired, as we should have guessed, by the great Counterpoint. There was also an Artifice. There was even a Rouser, this being an obvious name, as we should have suspected, for one of the many sons of the sire Stimulus. We had to start all over.

For the Nahar-Beautician filly we wound up with our first choice of the new names that occurred to us—False Colors. For the Omission-Saremp Singer colt, The Jockey Club gave us our eighth choice. By that point in our list the connection between name and breeding had got a bit tenuous, but we like the name anyway: Laconic. (There is a faint connection there, if you work at it a while.)

Our pet, the Bernborough colt, got a name which requires a little explaining. When my son heard that The Rouser was unavailable, he was naturally dismayed. It is pretty devastating, at the age of 15, to lose your first great literary success, not to mention a chance to immortalize your favorite piece of rock 'n' roll. "Let's try all the combinations," he said. "Let's ask for The Rebel. Also Rebel Rouser. Also Rouser Rebel. We're bound to get one of them."

I could only say, "Well, I'm dubious."

My boy said enthusiastically, "That's it!"

"That's what?"

"An even better name. Dubious. Let's call him Dr. Dubious."

So the colt is Dr. Dubious, in honor of two other entertainers greatly admired at our household. You remember, of course, the old Smith and Dale vaudeville skit, *Dr. Krokite*. ("Are you the doctor?" "Yes." "I'm dubious." "How are you, Mr. Dubious?" "This was funny a couple of generations ago and will still be funny long after rock 'n' roll has vanished; so maybe it's just as well The Jockey Club turned The Rouser down. **END**



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